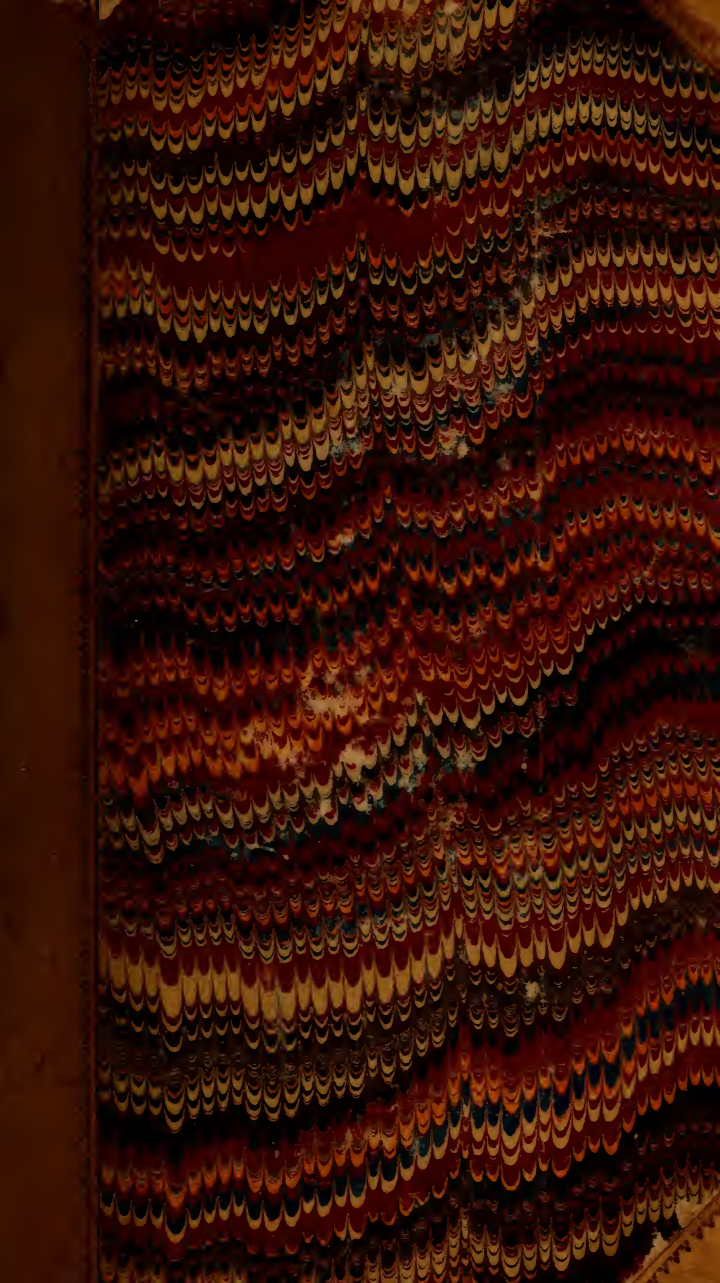
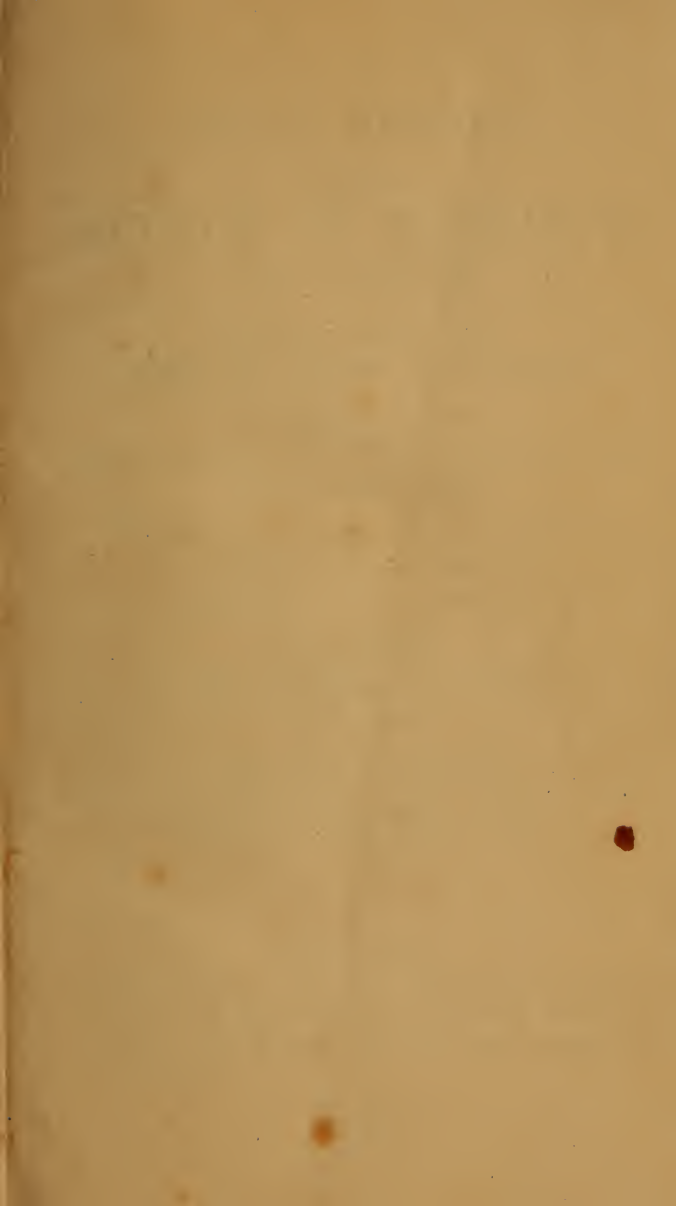


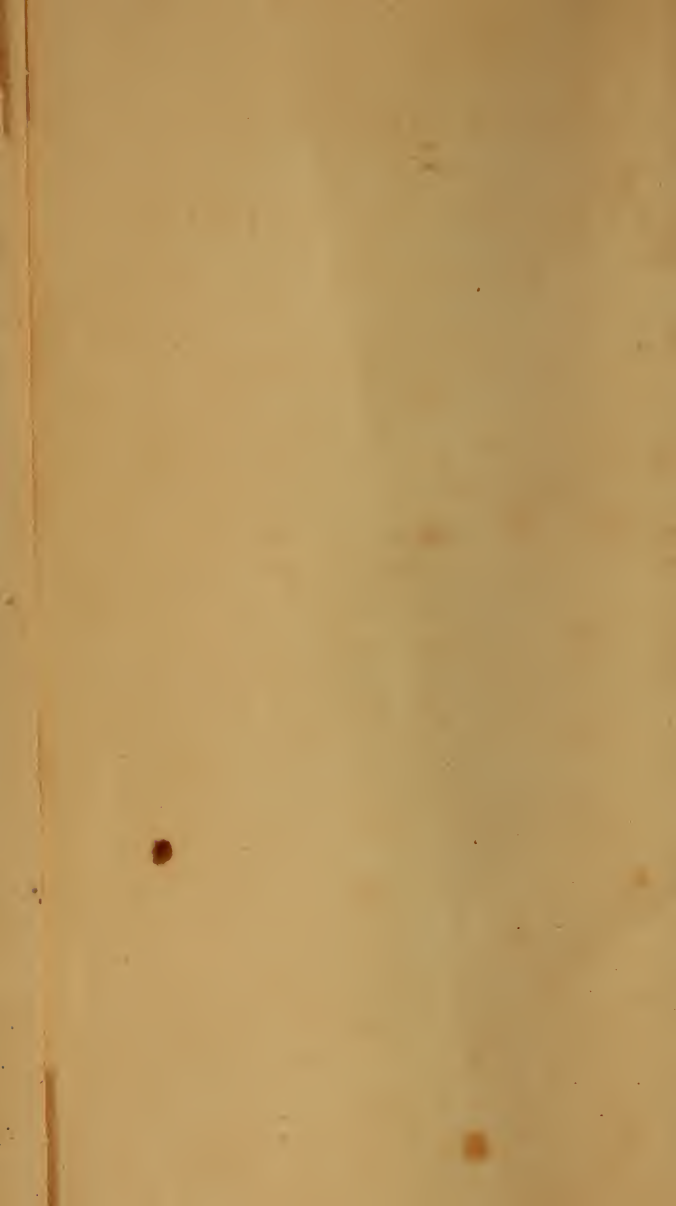












AN
EXACT HISTORY
OF THE
BATTLE OF FLODDON:
IN VERSE.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE
TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN WHICH ARE RELATED
MANY FACTS NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE
ENGLISH HISTORY.

PUBLISHED FROM A CURIOUS MS. IN THE LIBRARY OF
JOHN ASKEW, ESQ.

OF PALINSBURN, NORTHUMBERLAND;

WITH NOTES,
BY ROBERT LAMBE,
VICAR OF NORHAM.

Flodden field

Ἀπαντῶν ὁ πόλεμος πατρὸς.

LUC.

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED BY AND FOR S. HODGSON; AND SOLD BY E. CHARNLEY
AND SON, AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN NEWCASTLE;
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; AND CRADOCK AND
JOY, LONDON.

1809.

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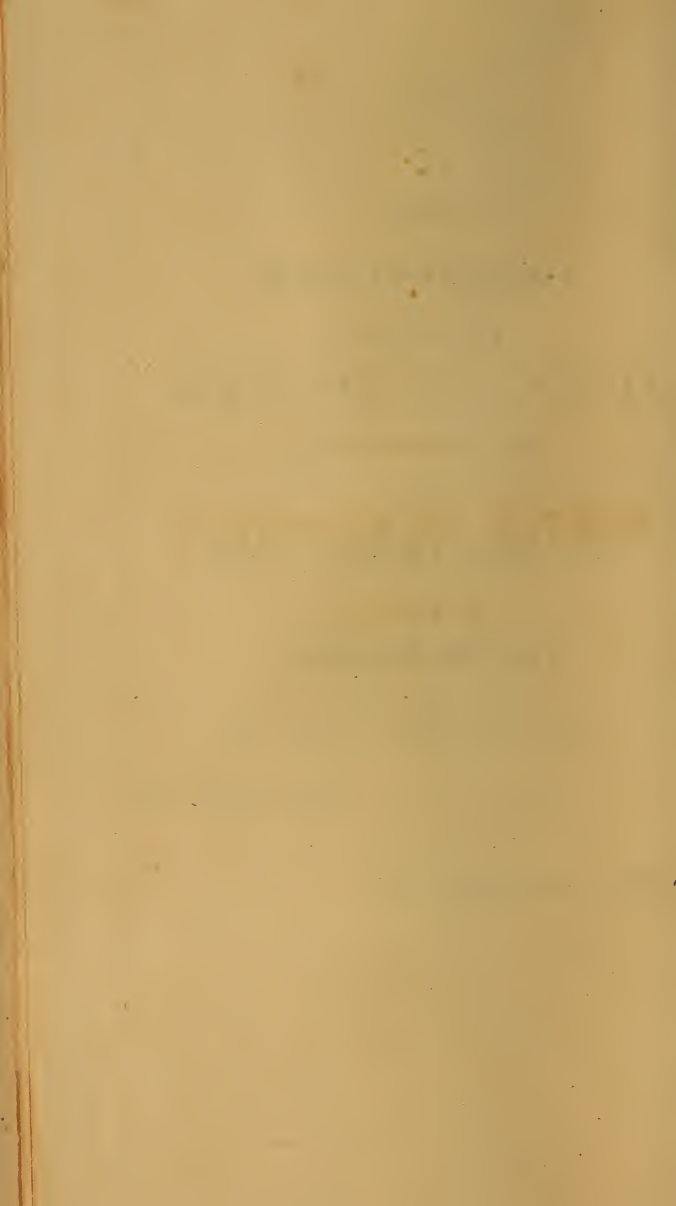
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THE
FOLLOWING POEM
IS INSCRIBED TO
JOHN ASKEW, ESQ.
OF PALINSBURN,
AS A
TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE
FOR
THE FRIENDSHIP
WHICH HE HATH SHOWN TO
THE EDITOR.

Norham, January 30, 1773.

Ms. 77.45



THE
BATTLE OF FLODDON,
A POEM.

THE
BATTLE OF FLODDON.

PART I.

FIT I.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE.

I.

NOW will I cease for to recite
King Henry's affairs in France so wide,
And of domestic jars I'll write,
That in his absence did betide.

II.

A fearful field, in verse, I'll frame,
If you'll be pleas'd to understand,
O FLODDON-MOUNT! thy wonderous name
Doth sore affright my trembling hand.

III.

Thou, God of war ! do me admit
For to discourse, with sounding praise,
This bloody field, this fearful fight,
Fought in our old forefathers' days.

IV.

Pardon, ye poets all, I cry !
My simple, rude, and rugged rhyme;
Even though the hill, Parnassus high,
Presumptuously I press to climb.

V.

For what is he, with haughty style,
Such deeds of honour could contrive;
No, not the learned Virgil great,
If that on earth he was alive.

VI.

That could reveal in volume short
Great Howard's deeds, who did excel;
Though lovely print made no report,
Fame would not fail the same to tell.

VII.

Or thou, O Stanley, wonderous man !
Thou son of Mars, who can proclaim
Thy matchless deeds ? Tell me, who can
Paint thy just praise, on wings of fame ?

VIII.

Thy doleful day-work still shall be
In Scotland cursed with an outcry :
For Hector's match this man was he
Who climbed the mount of Floddon high.

IX.

What banners bravely blazed and born,
What standards stout brought he to ground,
What worthy Lords by him forlorn,
That sorrow in Scotland yet doth sound !

X.

Ye heavenly powers, your aid I crave ;
My slender muse help to awake ;
Grant, this work, which in hand I have,
A fine and lucky end may make.

XI.

Before King Henry crost the seas,
And e'er to France he did transfleet,
He thought the Scots might him disease
With constituted captains meet.

XII.

He knew that English Kings they fought,
And by what might they were controuled ;
Much more he in their absence thought,
What damage had been done of old.

XIII.

And lest that they should work some teen,
As they thought to have done indeed,
He left his realm unto his Queen,
To be ruled as there was need.

XIV.

Then for the Earl of Surrey sent
And Regent of the North him made;
And bad him, "If the Scots were bent
" The Northern borders to invade:

XV.

"That he should raise a royal band
" In Bishoprick, and in Yorkshire;
" In Westmoreland and Cumberland,
" In Cheshire, and in Lancashire."

XVI.

"And if thou need Northumberland,"
Quoth he, "there be strong men and stout,
" That will not stick, if need they stand,
" To fight on horseback, or on foot.

XVII.

"There is the valiant Dacres old,
" Warden of the West-march is he:
" There are the bows of Kendal bold,
" Who fierce will fight, and never flee.

XVIII.

- “ There is Sir Edward Stanley stout,
“ For martial skill clear without mack,
“ From Latham-house his line came out,
“ Whose blood will never turn their back.

XIX.

- “ All Lancashire will live and die
“ With him, so chiefly will Cheshire :
“ For through his father’s force,” quoth he,
“ This kingdom first came to my sire.

XX.

- “ Lord Clifford too, a lusty troop
“ Will there conduct, a captain wise ;
“ And with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop,
“ The power of Richmondshire will rise.

XXI.

- “ The wardens all look that you warn,
“ To hearken what the Scots forecast ;
“ If they the signs of wars discern,
“ Bid them the beacons fire fast.”

XXII.

The Earl then with a sorry heart,
Had drowned his face with trickling tears,
When from his Prince he did depart,
And from his royal country peers.

XXIII.

“ And thou,” quoth he, “ Almighty God,
“ Let him a death most shameful die,
“ Which is the cause of mine abode,
“ Bereaved of my king’s company.”

XXIV.

Some thought to the king of Scots that he
Did wish such sad untimely fate;
And some, to the Earl of Derby,
With whom he had a great debate.

XXV.

The Earl did then his tenants all
In musters fair, and brave elect;
And on his way, by journeys small,
To Pomfret-castle did direct.

XXVI.

Then did he send Sir William Bulmer,
And bad him on the borders lie,
With ordnance, and other geer,
Each house of fence to fortify.

XXVII.

And bad him call the borderers bold,
And hold with him in readiness;
And get him word, with speech he could,
If that the Scots meant his distress.

XXVIII.

Then caused he watch in every street,
And posts to run through downs and dales,
So what was wrought, he knew of it,
From Carlisle to the coast of Wales.

XXIX.

When flying Fame, that monstrous wight,
With hundred wings was nimbly flown,
And in the court of Scotland light,
And all abroad, was blazed and blown,

XXX.

Of great King Henry's enterprize
And how he forced was into France,
With all his peers in princely wise,
To bring that land to complaisance.

XXXI.

England to over-run with rage,
The Scots then meant, as was their guise,
Still as the king was under age,
Or occupied some otherwise.

XXXII.

King James's courage did increase,
And of his council craved to know,
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his brother-in-law.

XXXIII.

“ Alas !” said he, “ my heart is sore,
“ And care constraineth me to weep,
“ That ever I to England swore,
“ A league or love a day to keep.

XXXIV.

“ Had I not entered in that band,
“ I swear now by this burnished blade,
“ England and Scotland both one land,
“ And kingdom one I could have made.

XXXV.

“ That realm we should soon over-run,
“ That England, when this age is past,
“ As to our elders they have done,
“ Should homage do to us at last.”

XXXVI.

Then stood there up a baron stout,
“ The lusty Lord of Douglas’ blood,
“ My liege,” quoth he, “ have you no doubt,
“ But mark my words, with mirthful mood.

XXXVII.

“ The league is broke, no doubt you need,
“ Believe me, liege, my words are true.
“ What was the English admiral’s deed,
“ When Andrew Barton bold he slew ?

XXXVIII.

- “ Your ships and armour too he took ;
“ And since, their King did nothing fear,
“ To send his aid, against the Duke
“ Of Gelders your own cousin dear.

XXXIX.

- “ Hath not the bastārd Heron slain,
“ Your Warden with his spiteful spear?
“ The league and peace therefore are vain,
“ My liege, you nothing have to fear.”

XL.

- Then manful Maxwell answered soon,
“ My liege, the league is broke by right ;
“ For the English King, ought not to have gone,
“ Against your friend, in France to fight.

XLI.

- “ Have you in league not entered late,
“ With Lewis chosen the French king ?
“ And now, you see, what great debate
“ Betwixt the king and him doth spring.

XLII.

- “ What greater kindness could you shew,
“ Unto your friend the King of France,
“ Than in English blood your blade to imbrue,
“ Against their land to lift your lance?

XLIII.

- “ You know what hurt to you was done,
“ By English kings in times of old ;
“ Your borders burned, and Berwick town,
“ Still by strong hand they from you hold.

XLIV.

- “ Wherefore more time let us not consume,
“ But fiercely fight that land again.”
And then stood up the proud Lord Hume,
Of Scotland, the Chief Chamberlain.

XLV.

- “ My liege,” quoth he, “ in all your life,
“ More lucky fate could never fall ;
“ For now that land, with little grief,
“ Unto your crown you conquer shall.

XLVI.

- “ For England’s king, you understand,
“ To France is past with all his peers ;
“ There is none at home, left in the land,
“ But joulthead monks, and bursten fryers.

XLVII.

- “ Or ragged rustics, without rules,
“ Or priests prating for pudding-shives,
“ Or millners madder than their mules,
“ Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

XLVIII.

“ There is not a lord left in England,
“ But all are gone beyond the sea ;
“ Both knight and baron with his band,
“ With ordnance, or artillery.”

XLIX.

The King then called to Dallamount,
Which bodword out of France did bring ;
Quoth he, “ the nobles’ names pray note,
“ Who are encamped with the English King.”

L.

“ That will I do, my liege,” quoth he,
“ As many as I have at heart ;
“ First there is the great Earl of Derby,
“ With one that is called Lord Herbert.

LI.

“ There is an Earl, of ancient race,
“ Plumed up in proud and rich array,
“ His banner casts a glittering grace,
“ A half-moon in a golden ray.”

LII.

“ That is the noble Piercy plain,”
The King did say and gave a stamp,
“ There is not such a lord again,
“ No, not in all King Henry’s camp.”

LIII.

- “ There is a Lord that bold doth bear
“ A Talbot brave, a burly tyke,
“ Whose Fathers struck France so with fear,
“ As made poor wives and children shriek.”

LIV.

- The King then answered at one word,
“ That is the Earl of Shrewsbury.”
“ There is likewise a lusty lord,
“ Which called is the famed Darcy.

LV.

- “ There is Dudley and brave Delaware,
“ And Drury, great lords all three;
“ The Duke of Buckingham is there,
“ Lord Cobham and Lord Willoughby.

LVI.

- “ There is the Earl of Essex gay,
“ And Stafford stout, Earl of Wiltshire;-
“ There is the Earl of Kent, Lord Gray,
“ With haughty Hastings, hot as fire.

LVII.

- “ There is the Marquis of Dorset brave,
“ Fitz-Water and Fitz-Leigh, lords most great;
“ Of doughty knights, the lusty lave
“ I never could by name repeat.

LVIII.

- “ There is a Knight of the North country,
“ Which leads a lusty plump of spears;
“ I know not what his name should be,
“ A boisterous bull all black he bears.”

LIX.

- Lord Hume then answered, loud on hight,
“ This same is Sir John Neville bold;
“ King Harry hath not so hardy a knight,
“ In all his camp, my coat I will hold.

LX.

- “ He doth maintain, without all doubt,
“ The Earl of Westmoreland’s estate,
“ I know of old his stomach stout;
“ In England is not left his mate.”

LXI.

- The King then asked his lords all round,
“ If wars or peace they did prefer?”
They cried, and made the hall to sound,
“ Let peace go back, and let us have war.

LXII.

- “ Our armour is for usage marred,
“ Both helmet, habergeon, and crest;
“ Our startling naggs, in stable spared,
“ Are waxen wild with too much rest.

LXIII.

“ Our staves, that were both tall and streight,
“ Wax crooked, and are cast each where ;
“ Therefore in England let us go fight,
“ Our booties brave from them to bear.”

LXIV.

The king rejoiced then to see
His lords so lively hearts to have ;
And to their words did soon agree,
Complying to their pleasures brave.

LXV.

To Lyon, King at Arms, he cried,
And took to him a letter broad,
Quoth he, “ no longer look thou bide,
“ But toward France soon take thy road.

LXVI.

“ To Terwin town take thou thy way,
“ And greet well then my brother-in-law,
“ And bid him there no longer stay,
“ But homeward to his country draw.

LXVII.

“ And bid him cease his furious force,
“ Against my friend, the king of France,
“ For fear domestick wars prove worse,
“ When in his kingdom I advance.

LXVIII.

“ And summon him soon to return,
“ Lest that our power we ply apace ;
“ With fire and sword, we beat and burn
“ His men and land in little space.”

LXIX.

Then Lyon made him reverence,
And with his coat of arms him deckt.
He haled up sail, and towards France,
He did his way with speed direct.

FIT II.

LXX.

MEANWHILE the King did letters write,
Which swiftest post did nimbly bear,
To all his lords which had delight,
With him in England arms to wear.

LXXI.

Then every lord, and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met ;
Each man had haste, to mend his gear,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.

LXXII.

Some made a mell of massy lead,
Which iron all about did bind ;
Some made strong helmets for the head,
And some their grisly gisarings grind.

LXXIII.

Some made their battle-axes bright ;
Some from their bills did rub the rust ;
Some made long pikes and lances light ;
Some pikeforks for to join and thrust.

LXXIV.

Some did a spear for weapon wield ;
Some did their lusty geldings try ;
Some all with gold did gild their shield ;
Some did with divers colours dye.

LXXV.

The ploughmen hard their teams could take,
And to hard harness them convert,
Their shares defensive armour make,
To save the head, and shield the heart.

LXXVI.

Dame Ceres did unserved remain,
The fertile fields did lie untilled ;
Outrageous Mars so sore did reign,
That Scotland was with fury filled.

LXXVII.

The king of Scots was much inflamed
With joy to see himself obeyed,
And did command his chamberlain,
In England all this gang to lead.

LXXVIII.

The Chamberlain Lord Hume in haste,
March-Warden over east also,
Within the English border's breast
With full eight thousand men did go.

LXXIX.

And enter in Northumberland,
With banners bravely blazed and born,
And finding none them to withstand
They straight destroyed both hay and corn.

LXXX.

They spoiled and ravaged all abroad,
And on each side, in, booties brought,
The coarser loons got geldings good,
And droves of kine and cattle caught.

LXXXI.

Most stately halls and buildings gay,
With sacrilegious hands they burn ;
And this has always been their way,
Whenever they could serve their turn.

LXXXII.

But happy Harwood-church on the hill,
Thou always 'scaped their barbarous rage ;
As thou wert once, so art thou still,
The wonder of the present age.

LXXXIII.

There Judge Gascoigne, once wisely grave,
With his fair dame entombed doth lie ;
And there lies Rudimond so brave,
In armour, by his family.

LXXXIV.

With other noble persons too,
For valour famed, and piety ;
Their monuments you now may view,
Most sweet and lovely to the eye.

LXXXV.

But to return, for I have digrest.
The Scots thus having over-run
The bordering parts, and filled with prey,
They thought to Scotland to return.

LXXXVI.

Sir William Bulmer being told
Of this great road and wild array,
Did strait forecast, all means he could,
The Scots in their return to stay.

LXXXVII.

Two hundred men himself did lead,
To him there came the borderers stout,
And divers gentlemen with speed,
Repaired to him with horse and foot.

LXXXVIII.

They were not all a thousand men,
But knowing where the Scots would come,
The borderers best their coast did ken,
And hid them in a field of broom.

LXXXIX.

The Scots came scouring down so fast,
And proudly pricked up with their prey ;
Thinking their perils all were past,
They straggling ran out of their way.

XC.

The English men burst out a pace,
And skirmished with the Scots anon ;
There was fierce fighting, face to face,
And many geldings made to groan.

XCI.

There men might see spears fly in spells,
And tall men tumbling on the soil,
And many a horse turned up his heels ;
Outrageous Mars kept such a coil.

XCII.

The Scots their strength did long extend ;
And broken ranks did still renew ;
But the English archers, in the end,
With arrows shot : most sore they flew.

XCIII.

The English spears, on the other side,
Amongst the Scots did fiercely fling,
And through their ranks did rattling ride,
And chased them through moss, mire, and ling.

XCIV.

The chamberlain, viewing this chance,
And seeing his host all put to flight,
Did with the foremost forth advance :
But happy in his horse so light.

XCV.

Straightway he flew, when he perceived
His banner-bearer down was beat :
The English then their spoil received,
Besides a store of geldings great.

XCVI.

Six hundred Scots were slain that day,
And near that number prisoners ta'en,
But of the English, brave and gay,
There were no more than sixty slain.

XCVII.

In August month this broil befell,
Wherein the Scots lost so much blood,
That mournful when the tale they tell,
They call it now, "The Devil's Road."

XCVIII.

Thus while the Scots, both near and far,
Were through all Scotland occupied,
In framing weapons, fit for war,
And mustering men on every side,

XCIX.

By this time came the herald sent,
Before the town of Terwin high ;
There to King Henry soon he went,
And bowing low upon his knee,

C.

He reverently the King did greet ;
Who took from him his letters large ;
And then, as ordered, what was writ,
In open words he did discharge.

CI.

The letters soon were looked upon,
And in King Henry's sight perused ;
King James's mind he knew full soon,
And found himself more sore abused.

CII.

Who summoned him his seige to raise,
And stay those wars he took in hand ;
Or else with blood he would pave his ways,
And straight invade his native land.

CIII.

King Henry's heart began to rise,
And to the herald he did say,
“ Thy master thus I did surmise,
“ Would in our absence partly play.

CIV.

- “ Indeed he doth not now digress
“ From his old sires, never brave;
“ But if he do my land distress,
“ I hope he welcome hard shall have.

CV.

- “ For in my land I left a lord,
“ Who aiding of my royal Queen,
“ Will stay your Prince at point of sword;
“ His blade was ever fierce and keen.

CVI.

- “ Let him not deem so destitute
“ My land of lords and valiant knights;
“ For if he dare to prosecute,
“ He there shall find some warlike wights.

CVII.

- “ Who will shed for me their purple gore,
“ And all his streaming standards rent:
“ They will send upon him many a shower
“ Of arrows, ere he pass the Trent.

CVIII.

- “ Since perjured he now doth prove,
“ And doth so small esteem his oath;
“ Our siege we will not cease to move,
“ Be he so never mad or wroth.

CIX.

“ And here a valiant vow we will make,
“ At what time as we shall return,
“ All Scotland we will harrass and sack,
“ And never cease to spoil and burn.

CX.

“ Nor ever peace with him contrive,
“ Nor ever league nor union make,
“ While one false Scot is left alive,
“ And till the land be brought to wrack.”

CXI.

Then he to the King of Scots did write
A letter, banishing all fears,
That he, for all his ire and spight,
In France would still proceed his wars.

CXII.

Then gave it to the herald's hand,
Besides, with it, a rich reward ;
Who hastened to his native land,
To see how with his King had fared.

CXIII.

And while he waited for the wind,
And for his ships did things ordain,
For all his haste he came behind,
And never saw his Prince again.

CXIV.

King Henry then the Scottish bill
Unto the Earl of Surrey sent,
To Pomfret, where abiding still,
He bid him be for battle bent.

CXV.

The Earl did all things straight provide,
The Scotch King's purpose to resist,
Throughout all Scotland far and wide,
And all was done that he did list.

CXVI.

Lord Dacres also did perceive,
The Scots' intention manifest;
He knew their meetings, musters brave,
And daily riding, without rest.

CXVII.

The truth whereof he sent straitway,
And told the Earl of Surrey sage;
That time was not for to delay,
But soldiers raise for to engage.

CXVIII.

Which when the Earl did understand,
He letters sent both far and near,
To all the nobles in the land,
That they their forces might prepare.

CXIX.

And tell what numbers they could make,
Of valiant men, all well arrayed ;
Then with Sir Philip Tilney spake,
How they their wages might be paid.

CXX.

He, after this, for ordnance sent
Unto Sir Nicholas Appleyard ;
Who did accordingly consent,
And towards him apace prepared.

CXXI.

With culverines, and portals great,
And double cannons two or three ;
Which he brought on by steed and cart,
To Durham in the North country.

CXXII.

The noble Earl then letters wrote,
Unto each castle, fort, and hold,
That they should furnish them with shot,
And fortify their bulwarks bold.

CXXIII.

Who answered all, with stomachs stout,
And every captain with his train,
That they would keep the Scots quite out,
Until the King returned again.

CXXIV.

Which answer of the captains keen
The noble Earl did much delight;
But what the Scots this while did mean,
And of King James I mean to write.

CXXV.

After he to his brother-in-law,
Defiance into France had sent,
His nobles all to him did draw,
Well busked, and for battle bent.

CXXVI.

And thus arrayed in armour bright,
They met in Edinborough town;
There was many a lord and many a knight,
And baron brave, of high renown.

CXXVII.

Of prelates proud, a populous lave,
And abbots boldly there were known.
With Bishop of St. Andrew's brave,
Who was King James's bastard son.

CXXVIII.

Surely it was an unseemly sight,
And quite against our Christian laws,
To see a prelate press to fight,
And that too in a wicked cause.

CXXIX.

Were these the Scots' religious rules,
Who taught the priests such pranks perverse,
To march forth mustered on their mules,
And soldier-like to sue God Mars?

CXXX.

The messenger of Christ, St. Paul,
Taught them to shoot at no such mark,
Peter, and Christ's apostles all,
Did never lead them in the dark.

CXXXI.

Their Patron so did not them learn,
St. Andrew, with his shored cross,
But rather Trimon of Quhytehorn,
Or, Doffin, demi-god of Ross.

CXXXII.

This Bishop bold, this bastard blest,
With other bishops in his band,
And abbots bold, as all the rest,
For beagle-rods, took bills in hand.

CXXXIII.

And every lord with him did lead
A mighty band for battle prest;
Numbers so great, they did extend
To a hundred thousand men at least,

CXXXIV.

King James for joy began to smile,
So great an army to behold;
Who for to serve him, thought no toil,
But blazoned forth his banners bold.

CXXXV.

Each Lord went on then with his band,
And every captain with his train,
The music echoed through the land,
And brazen trumpets blowed amain.

CXXXVI.

The drums did beat, with warlike sound,
And banners bravely waved wide.
Men scarce could view the fruitful ground,
For soldiers armed on every side.

CXXXVII.

In midst of ranks, there rode the king,
On stately steed, which graceful stamp;
A goodly sight to see him fling,
And how his foaming bits he champt.

CXXXVIII.

Thus did King James most gorgeous ride,
A pleasure to his noble peers;
He had a heart puffed up with pride,
And was a prince that banished fears.

CXXXIX.

Alas! he thought himself too strong,
Having so great a multitude:
But Providence, when kings do wrong,
Their mighty power can elude.

CXL.

He thought no king in Christendom,
In field to meet him was of might;
No, nor an Emperor of Rome
Had been of force with him to fight.

CXLI.

Nor Hercules, nor Hannibal,
The Soldan, Sophy, nor the Turk;
None of the mighty monarchs all;
Such valiant blood did in him work.

CXLII.

But yet for all his armed host,
His puffed-up pride, and haughty heart,
Full soon abated was his ghost;
He was brought to London in a cart.

CXLIII.

It was in the midst of harvest-tide,
August the two and twentieth day;
That this great Prince, replete with pride,
To the English borders burst his way.

CXLIV.

Where piles he pulled down apace,
And stately buildings brought to ground,
The Scots, like loons, void of all grace,
Religion's precepts sore did wound.

CXLV.

Fair matrons they did force each where,
And ravished maidens sweet and mild;
In flames the houses made appear,
And murdered many a man and child.

CXLVI.

But how the English did prepare,
To fight the Scots, with hand and heart,
Their valour also will appear,
If you will read the Second Part.

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PART II.

FIT III.

CXLVII.

IT was the King's express command,
To waste with cruel sword and flame,
A field of blood he made the land,
Till he to Norham Castle came.

CXLVIII.

Which soon with siege he did beset,
And trenches digged without delay;
With bombard-shot, the walls he beat,
And to assault it did essay.

CXLIX.

The captain great, with courage stout,
His fortress fiercely did defend;
But for a while he lashed out,
Till he his ordnance did spend.

CL.

His powder he did profusely waste,
His arrows he haled out every hour ;
So that he wanted at the last,
And at the last had none to pour.

CLI.

But yet five days he did defend,
Though with assaults they him assailed.
Though all their strength they did extend ;
Yet all their power had not prevailed,

CLII.

Had there not been a traiterous thief,
Who came King James's face before,
That in that hold had got relief,
The space of thirty years and more.

CLIII.

" I say," quoth he, " King James, my liege,
" Your brave assaults are all in vain,
" Long may you hold a tedious siege,
" Yet all this while can get no gain.

CLIV.

" But what reward shall I receive,"
Quoth he, " express, and speak anon,
" And I will let you plain perceive,
" How that this castle may be won."

CLV.

“ If that to pass you bring this can,”
The King did say, where he did stand,
“ I shall make you a gentleman,
“ And livings give thee in our land.”

CLVI.

“ O king,” quoth he, “ now quit this place,
“ And down to yonder vallies draw,
“ The walls then shall you rend and raze,
“ Your batteries will bring them low.”

CLVII.

Which, as he said, so did the King,
And against the walls his ordnance bent;
It was a wretched dismal thing,
To see how soon the walls were rent.

CLVIII.

Which made the captain sore afraid,
Beholding the walls, how they reeled,
His weapons all them down he laid,
And to King James did humbly yield.

CLIX.

The Scots straitway did pour in,
And plied apace unto their prey:
Look what was worth one point or pin,
You need not bid them take away.

CLX.

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled every nook and place,
The traitor came to the King anon,
But for reward met with disgrace.

CLXI.

The King then asked him by and by,
“Where he was born and in what town?”
“A Scot I am,” he did reply,
This answer gave the treacherous loon.

CLXII.

The King then asked him, meek and mild,
“For how long time he lodged there?”
“Even,” quoth he, “since but a child,
“A good deal more than thirty year.”

CLXIII.

“Why,” quoth the King, “hast thou so wrought.
“Unto thy friends this frantic rage,
“Who in this castle thee up brought,
“And always gave thee meat and wage?”

CLXIV.

“But since thy heart is falsified
“To them who gave thee meat and fee,
“It is a token to be tried,
“Thou never canst prove true to me.

CLXV.

“ Therefore, for this thy traiterous trick,
“ Thou shalt be tied in a trice ;
“ Hangman, therefore,” quoth he, “ be quick ;
“ The groom shall have no better place.”

CLXVI.

What he did say, forthwith was wrought,
The traitor had his just desert,
Although the king himself was naught,
And proved deceitful in the heart.

CLXVII.

By this time came the flying posts,
Which made the Earl to understand
How that the King of Scotland's hosts,
Already entered had the land.

CLXVIII.

Which when the Earl of Surrey knew,
It was but vain to bid him haste :
He sent to all his friends most true,
That they their men should muster fast.

CLXIX.

And shortly sent to every shire,
That on September the first day,
Each gentleman, lord, knight, and squire,
Should to Newcastle take their way.

CLXX.

Then with five hundred soldiers stout,
Himself appearing in renown,
He never stayed to rest his foot,
Until he came to Durham town.

CLXXI.

There he devoutly did hear prayers,
And worshipped God his Maker dear,
Who banished from him cares and fears,
St. Cuthbert's banner he did bear.

CLXXII.

Then straight he to Newcastle came,
Of August, on the thirtieth day,
There many a nobleman of fame,
To him repaired without delay.

CLXXIII.

There valiant Dacres him did meet,
And brought with him a noble band,
Of warlike men, right well compleat,
From Westmoreland and Cumberland.

CLXXIV.

Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
Attended with his lovely sons;
Sir William Bulmer, with his rout,
Lord Clifford, with his clapping guns.

CLXXV.

Then from Newcastle soon he went,
And took his way to Alnwick town.
That weary men, with travel spent,
And weather-beaten, might have room.

CLXXVI.

Then might you see on every side
The ways all filled with men of war,
With shining streamers, waving wide,
And helmets glittering from afar.

CLXXVII.

From Lancashire and Cheshire too,
To Stanley came a noble train,
To Hornby, from whence he withdrew,
And forward set with all his main.

CLXXVIII.

What banners brave before him blazed,
The people mused where he did pass :
Poor husbandmen were much amazed ;
And women, wondering, cried, Alas !

CLXXIX.

Young wives did weep with woeful cheer,
To see their friends in harness drest,
Some rent their cloaths, some tore their hair,
Some held their babes upon their breast.

CLXXX.

But who can plain express with pen,
What prayers were said on hallowed stone,
What tears came from religious men,
What sacred service too was done?

CLXXXI.

That Stanley might come safe away,
And victor valiantly return;
The bells did sound both night and day,
And holy fires bright did burn.

CLXXXII.

Men with grey beards, drew to their beds,
And fast their prayers poured out.
Old wives for woe did wag their heads,
And saints were sought on naked foot.

CLXXXIII.

But Stanley over Stainmore strait
Did pass; and resting there, did view
A banner brave, born up on hight,
Where underwent a warlike crew.

CLXXXIV.

“What lusty troop is yon I see?”
Sir Edward Stanley did enquire.
A yeoman said, “It is, I see,
“Bryan Tunstal, that bold esquire.

CLXXXV.

“ For in his banner I behold
“ A curling cock, as though he would crow;
“ He brings with him his tenants bold,
“ A hundred men at least I know.”

CLXXXVI.

Then Stanley said, as there he stood,
“ Would Christ he would but take our part,
“ His clean and undefiled blood,
“ Good speed doth promise at my heart.

CLXXXVII.

“ Blaze out therefore, I bid you soon,
“ The Earl of Darby's banner brave;
“ By chance with us he will be one,
“ When it in sight he shall perceive.”

CLXXXVIII.

But Tunstall took no heed that tide,
Without saluting forth he past;
Upon the valiant Howard's side,
His faithful heart he fixed fast.

CLXXXIX.

And then again, said Stanley brave,
“ O valiant lads, draw up your heart;
“ Be not amazed, look not so grave,
“ Though Tunstall will not take our part.

CXC.

“ But forward set without delay,
“ Unto the Howards let us make haste.”
Thus they, though wearied, kept their way,
Till they to Alnwick came at last.

CXCI.

Whose coming greatly did rejoice
The Earl and all his company.
None but the eagle bear the voice,
With wrapping wings as he would fly.

CXCII.

There did the army much increase,
Although there were the most extreams;
For rain down rattling never did cease,
Till bubbling brooks burst mighty streams.

CXCIII.

Such blustering winds besides there were,
That day and night the air did sound;
Which put the Earl into great fear,
Lest his son the Admiral should be drowned.

CXCIV.

Who, at his parting, promised plight
Unto his father, if alive,
At Newcastle, with all his might,
For his assistance, to arrive.

CXC.V.

Which promise he did fully keep :
Such friendship Neptune did him show,
As to conduct him over the deep,
And his desires just bestow.

CXC.VI.

Then soldiers soon he set on land,
And to his father fast he hied ;
Such warlike wights in worthy band,
Two thousand men in arms well tried.

CXC.VII.

With captains most courageous keen,
At Alnwick they arrived at last :
Whom, when the Earl's army had seen,
With sudden fear they were aghast.

CXC.VIII.

But seeing their armour black as ink,
Some said it was some Scottish band ;
And divers did esteem and think,
They were some force from foreign land.

CXC.IX.

Some took their harness, some their horse,
And forward hasted as to fight,
But when they saw St. George's cross,
And English arms born up on hight,

CC.

Some said, it was a jolly crew,
The king had sent from France that tide.
The southern men, the truth soon knew,
And loud, " Lord Admiral! they cried."

CCI.

Whom, when the Earl of Surrey saw,
He thanked God with heart so mild,
And hands for joy to Heaven did throw,
That his son was saved from waters wild.

CCII.

A merry meeting there was seen,
For first they kist, and then embraced;
For joy the tears fell from their eyne,
All forepast fears were then defaced.

CCIII.

Then caused the Earl each captain count,
Under their wings what soldiers were;
Which done, the number did but mount,
To six and twenty thousand there.

CCIV.

The Earl then called a council soon,
Of prudent lords and captains wise,
And how the battle might be done;
He bid them shew their best devise,

CCV.

Some said too small their number was,
To atchieve so great an enterprize,
Some counselled posts back for to pass
For aid, and cause the countries rise.

CCVI.

And from the South, the queen, some said,
A band of soldiers soon would send ;
And willed to stay, for while they staid,
Their powers daily might amend.

CCVII.

Some said the Scots straitway would fly,
And powers daily would diminish ;
Wherefore to stay was their counsel,
And thus the Earl they did admonish.

CCVIII.

Then did the Admiral start in ire,
And stamping stood with stomach hot :
“ Why, Sir,” said he, unto his sire ;
“ Hath cowardice lent you his coat ?

CCIX.

“ Let never King Henry hear for shame
“ That you should act this dastard part ;
“ Nor ever blown by trump of fame,
“ That you did bear a coward’s heart.

CCX.

- “ Hath not King Henry left you here
“ His governour to rule the land ;
“ Not doubting but, without all fear,
“ The treacherous Scots you would withstand.

CCXI.

- “ Think of your father, though his chance
“ It was to fall at Bosworth field,
“ Though he his life, by Stanley's lance,
“ With honourable wounds did yield.

CCXII.

- “ Would God that Edward, brother dear,
“ Were here alive this present day :
“ No armed foes, could make him fear,
“ Nor in a camp, like coward stay.

CCXIII.

- “ What royal fame, what high renown,
“ Hath he left to his line and race,
“ What ample glory would him crown,
“ If life had lasted longer space !

CCXIV.

- “ The seas he did both sweep and scour,
“ Not pyrate durst appear in sight,
“ Even Pyrate John, for all his power,
“ That great renowned Lothian knight.

CCXV.

- “ How oft the royal fleet of France,
“ In conflicts fierce by him was grieved?
“ If he had ’scaped that fatal chance,
“ He glorious acts might have atchieved.

CCXVI.

- “ No multitudes made him dismayed,
“ Nor numbers great his stomach swage;
“ Great shame then would on us be laid,
“ And to our offspring in each age.

CCXVII.

- “ Your father’s fame would soon be lost,
“ And all his worthy acts no more,
“ Your honour, flitting like a ghost,
“ Nor yet your sons could ever restore,

CCXVIII.

- “ If here ye loitering lie like loons,
“ And do not fight the Scots again:
“ For do not you hear how English towns
“ Are burnt, while suckling babes are slain?

CCXIX.

- “ They daily pilfer every place,
“ And spoil the people all about:
“ Wherefore let us stay no longer space,
“ But now step forth with stomachs stout.”

FIT IV.

CCXX.

THE Earl of Surrey then replied,
And to his warlike son did say,
“ No bashfulness doth make me bide,
“ Nor stomach faint doth make me stay.

CCXXI.

“ The cause is for no cowardice,
“ So long time here to make delay:
“ But yet I fear this enterprize
“ Will prove no childish sport or play.

CCXXII.

“ Great counsel then must be embraced;
“ Then let us careful think upon,
“ Which way our cards to count and cast,
“ For great is the business to be done.

CCXXIII.

“ Too hardy oft good hap doth hazard,
“ And over-bold oft is not best;
“ And that I have proved by my son Edward,
“ Who ever was too bold of breast.

CCXXIV.

- “ He had been a living man this day,
“ If he with counsel wise had wrought ;
“ But he was drowned in Bathrumb’s bay,
“ His rashness to this end him brought.

CCXXV.

- “ My father, at King Richard’s field,
“ Under great Stanley’s lance lay slain ;
“ And I did there a captive yield ;
“ Our manhood great got us this gain.

CCXXVI.

- “ We might have ’scaped that scurvy day,
“ If warning could our wits have beat ;
“ A friend of our’s, to cause us stay ;
“ Upon my father’s gate had set

CCXXVII.

- “ A certain scroll, whose scripture said,
“ ‘ Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,’
“ And underneath in verse was laid,
“ ‘ For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.’

CCXXVIII.

- “ My father fighting fierce was slain,
“ King Richard lost both life and crown,
“ Some goodly guerdon oft they gain,
“ Who rashly run to get renown.

CCXXIX.

- “ For see the Duke of York was brought,
“ At Wakefield to his fatal fall;
“ Who might have ’scaped, if he had wrought
“ The counsel wise of David Hall.

CCXXX.

- “ I read of conquerors and kings
“ For lack of counsel cast away:
“ Now since at hand such danger springs,
“ Our council we had need to say.

CCXXXI.

- “ It is not I am fright with fear,
“ Nor for myself such thoughts I take,
“ But for young babes, and infants dear,
“ Which fathers sore I fear will lack.

CCXXXII.

- “ Such fortunes fall, through fights doubtless,
“ Poor widows plenty shall be left;
“ And many a servant masterless,
“ And mothers of their sons bereft.

CCXXXIII.

- “ This is the cause I counsel crave,
“ The only cause I cast such doubts:
“ I had rather one English soldier save,
“ Than for to kill a thousand Scots.

CCXXXIV.

- “ I can no kind of compass cast,
“ But many a life there must be lost ;
“ And many a tall man death must taste,
“ The Scots are such a mighty host.

CCXXXV.

- “ The Prince himself is there present,
“ With all his peers prepared for war ;
“ With barons, knights, and commons bent,
“ A hundred thousand men they are.

CCXXXVI.

- “ Put case our total English power
“ Were ready drest and made in meat ;
“ At two meals they would us devour,
“ The Scottish army is so great.

CCXXXVII.

- “ Therefore let each man's mind be exprest,
“ How that the Scots we may convince,
“ And how to pass this peril best,
“ And save the honour of our Prince.”

CCXXXVIII.

- Then spake Sir Edward Stanley stout,
And fierce on the Earl he fixt his eyne,
“ What need have we thus for to doubt,
“ And be afraid of foes unseen ?

CCXXXIX.

- “ Shall we by loitering on this manner,
“ Thus still permit the Scots to rest?
“ Fye, let them see an English banner,
“ And view our soldiers seemly drest.

CCXL.

- “ What though our foes be five to one,
“ For that let not our stomachs fail.
“ God gives the stroke, when all is done,
“ If it please him we shall prevail.

CCXLI.

- “ If ancient books we do peruse,
“ Set forth by famous clerks of old,
“ Which both of Christians, Pagans, Jews,
“ Do plain describe the battles bold.

CCXLII.

- “ There may we certain see in sight,
“ Many a mighty prince and king,
“ With populous armies put to flight,
“ And vanquished by a little wing.

CCXLIII.

- “ With hundreds three, Judge Gideon,
“ The Midian host overcame in fight.
“ And Jonathan, Saul's valiant son,
“ The fierce Philistines put to flight.

CCXLIV.

- “ So Judas Maccabeus, the man,
“ Of foremost fame among all knights,
“ Who can describe what fields he wan,
“ With handfuls small of warlike wights?

CCXLV.

- “ The mighty Macedonian Prince,
“ With puissance small and power,
“ King Darius’ host did all convince,
“ Who were for one in number four.

CCXLVI.

- “ The great renowned Roman peers,
“ Whose glorious praise can never blin;
“ The fame, that daily fills men’s ears,
“ By numbers great did never win.

CCXLVII.

- “ For Titus Livy doth protest,
“ The less their power, the more their gain.
“ When they were most, they wan the least;
“ The greater press, the more were slain.

CCXLVIII.

- “ Example at Cannæ’s fierce conflict,
“ So many nobles there were slain,
“ That bushels three they did collect
“ Of rings from dead men’s fingers drawn.

CCXLIX.

- “ Where Scipio, with numbers small,
“ Of warlike wights of lusty blood,
“ In field to flight put Hannibal,
“ And burnt with fire Carthage proud.

CCL.

- “ What further need I for to seek,
“ Of Christian Kings the manful acts;
“ Since records of the same still speak,
“ Of Henry, and his famous facts.

CCLI.

- “ All Europe yet afresh doth sound,
“ Of his high prowess the report.
“ What standards stout he brought to ground
“ With numbers small at Agincourt.

CCLII.

- “ All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
“ By death what nobles took their flight,
“ Two thousand, beside vulgar folk,
“ Simplest of whom was squire or knight.

CCLIII.

- “ He never stint from war and strife,
“ Till the heir of France he was proclaimed;
“ If fate had lent him longer life,
“ With English laws all France he had framd.

CCLIV.

- “ Of Bedford too, his brother John,
“ The Dauphin beat with a small band;
“ Lord Talbot, with his name alone,
“ To tremble forced all the French land.

CCLV.

- “ The Earl of Richmond, with small power,
“ Of England, wan both realm and crown,
“ At Bosworth, where the bragging Boar,
“ And all his host were overthrown.

CCLVI.

- “ So though the Scottish host be great,
“ Let us not stint, but them withstand;
“ In battle bold we shall them beat,
“ For God will help us with his hand.

CCLVII.

- “ But if in fighting we are slain,
“ And in the battle brought to ground,
“ Perpetual praise we then shall gain,
“ Men will our fame for ages sound.

CCLVIII.

- “ The memory of our great manhood,
“ 'Mongst English men will ever last;
“ And then, for vengeance of our blood,
“ King Henry home from France will haste.

CCLIX.

- “ Our kinsfolks and our cousins free,
“ Will wreak our deaths with doleful dint;
“ Till time that they revenged be,
“ From sturdy strokes they will not stint.

CCLX.

- “ Our ghosts shall go to God on high,
“ Though bodies vile to death be dight;
“ In better case we cannot die,
“ Than fighting for our country's right.

CCLXI.

- “ Put case the lot light contrary,
“ As firm by faith is fixed it shall,
“ And that to gain the victory,
“ Good fortune on our side shall fall.

CCLXII.

- “ And then to give our foes the foil,
“ What worthy praises shall we win?
“ What mighty prey, what plenteous spoil,
“ What prisoners of princely kin?

CCLXIII.

- “ The Prince is there himself, King James,
“ With prelates passing rich in pride;
“ Fifty great lords there are of name,
“ With barons, knights, and squires beside.

CCLXIV.

- “ Their tents, if standing they be found,
“ When fight is done, I do not fear,
“ But for their entering English ground,
“ The charges shall pay us full dear.

CCLXV.

- “ Such fate shall fall to them I trust
“ As to their elders has before,
“ Who dared into our borders burst,
“ When they were beat in battle sore.

CCLXVI.

- “ Their mighty Mars, King Malcomy,
“ Did valiantly this land invade;
“ At Tinmouth he was forced to fly,
“ And slain was by an English blade.

CCLXVII.

- “ King David unto Durham came,
“ Who with the Scots in pitched field,
“ For all their pride yet left the game,
“ King David there did captive yield.

CCLXVIII.

- “ What shall I further mention make
“ Of Henry the Fourth, how in his days,
“ The Earl of Murray and Lord Murdake,
“ Angus and Douglass pricked with praise,

CCLXIX.

- “ Did enter in Northumberland
“ And murdered without mercy.
“ Were they not beat by a small band,
“ In battle by Sir Henry Piercy?

CCLXX.

- “ The story saith, who list may look,
“ Ten thousand Scots in field were slain,
“ And through the valiant Piercy's stroke,
“ All the Earls captives did remain.

CCLXXI.

- “ Such luck, I trust, to our foes will light,
“ And all that wars do raise in wrong;
“ Wherefore against them let us fight,
“ It is a shame we loiter here so long.

CCLXXII.

- “ If any seem abased to be,
“ That we in battle shall be beat,
“ Cheshire and Lancashire with me,
“ Shall give the Scots the first onset.”

CCLXXIII.

- When this was said, then Stanley stout,
All silent down did sit in place;
The eyes of all the lords about,
Were fixed upon his valiant face.

CCLXXIV.

His wisdom great all wondered at,
All did his manful proffer praise;
All they that would have lingered late,
Their courage keen did now upraise.

CCLXXV.

Now they that lately would have staid,
With foremost cried, "Forth to the field!"
With one voice all the Earl they prayed,
"That Stanley might the vanguard wield."

CCLXXVI.

But on that side the Earl of Surrey
Was deaf, for why, he could not hear;
For being moved with Stanley's glory,
His rancour old then did appear.

CCLXXVII.

Quoth he, "The king's place I supply,
"At pleasure mine each thing shall bide."
Then on each captain he did cry,
In presence to appear that tide,

CCLXXVIII.

That done, straitway he did ordain
His battle brief on this same sort,
Whose order and array right plain,
With pen I truly shall report.

CCLXXIX.

When Stanley did with stomach stout
Valiantly the vanguard crave,
The Earl of Surrey sore did doubt,
That too much honour he should have,

CCLXXX.

If fortune good fell on his part,
And valiant victor he did return.
'Gainst Stanley's blood such hateful heart
In the Earl's blood did boiling burn.

CCLXXXI.

Wherefore in forward, first of all
Chief Captain constituted he
His loving son Lord Admiral,
With soldiers such as came from sea.

CCLXXXII.

Whom valiant Lords accompanied,
With barons bold, and hardy knights;
Lord Ogle one of courage tried,
Who led a band of warlike wights.

CCLXXXIII.

In order, next to the Admiral,
The lusty knight, Lord Clifford, went,
Who was concealed in shepherd's coat,
Till twice twelve years were gone and spent.

CCLXXXIV.

For when his father at Wakefield,
The Duke of York and his son had slain,
He by a friend was thus concealed,
Till Richmond's Earl began his reign.

CCLXXXV.

And him restored to all his right
Seating him in his father's land;
Or else to death he had been dight,
While the house of York had the uphand.

CCLXXXVI.

Now like a captain bold he brought
A band of lusty lads elect,
Whose curious coats, most cunning wrought,
With dreadful dragons were bedeckt.

CCLXXXVII.

From Pennigent to Pendlehill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And they that Craven coasts did till,
All with the lofty Clifford came.

CCLXXXVIII.

All Staincliff hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Worledale;
And all that Haughton hills did climb,
With Langstroth too, and Littondale.

CCLXXXIX.

Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshly bred,
Were fit the strongest bows to bend;
All such as Horton-fells had fed,
On Clifford's banner did attend.

CCXC.

Lord Lumley next, and Latimer
Were equal matched with all their power,
With whom was next their neighbour near
Lord Conyers stout, and stiff in stour.

CCXCI.

With many a gentleman and squire,
From Rippon, Ripley, and Rydale,
With them marched forth all Massamshire,
With Nosterfield and Netherdale.

CCXCII.

With Tillmen tough, in harness store,
Who turned the furrows of Mittan-field,
With Billmen bold from Blackamoore,
Most warlike wights, these Lords did wield.

CCXCIII.

Next them was placed, with all his power,
Lord Scroope of Upsall, aged knight.
Sir Stephen Bull, with all his power,
Was matched next him with all his might.

CCXCIV.

Sir Walter Griffith, sage and grave,
Was with Sir Henry Sherbourn bent,
And under Bulmer's banner brave,
The whole bishoprick of Durham went.

CCXCV.

The Third Part it will more unfold
The glorious train of heroes bright,
Such as may please the sage and old,
And yield to children sweet delight.

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PART III.

FIT V.

CCXCVI.

SIR Christopher Ward the next ensued,
With him Sir Edward Echingham;
Next were Sir Nicholas Appleyard,
Sir Mettham, Sidney, Everingham.

CCXCVII.

All in the foremost battle bold,
These knights who in the vanguard were
Seven thousand men numbered and told,
Simplest of whom bore bow or spear.

CCXCVIII.

Then the Earl, Sir Edmund Howard
Did call, and Marshall soon him made;
“ My son,” said he, “ now soon set forward,
“ With valiant hearts the Scots invade.

CCXCIX.

“ Chief captain of the right-hand wing,
“ To brother thine I thee ordain ;
“ Now surely see thou serve the King,
“ And for his sake never think it pain.

CCC.

“ Of southern soldiers hundreds two,
“ Under thy wing shall go with thee ;”
A thousand thanks Sir Edmund to
His father dear did render free.

CCCI.

With him was matched an equal mate,
Bryan Tunstall, that trusty squire ;
Whose stomach stout nought could abate,
Nor ought could sway his bold desire.

CCCII.

The glory of his grandsire old,
The famous acts too of his sire ;
His blood, unspotted, made him bold,
And stirred his stomach hot as fire.

CCCIII.

For when debate did first begin,
And rancour raised most rueful work,
And ruffling ruled this realm within,
’Twixt Lancaster and the house of York.

CCCIV.

During which hurly-burly strife,
Were murdered many a mother's child;
Many a Lord bereaved of life,
And noble house with blood defiled.

CCCV.

But this man's father, void of fear
While in this realm such ruffling was,
To Henry the Sixth did still adhere,
And for no pains did from him pass.

CCCVI.

For he to York would never yield,
For all the struggling stir and strife,
Nine times he fiercely fought in field,
So oft in danger was his life.

CCCVII.

And when the king was captive caught,
And the Earl of Warwick overthrown,
To save his life best means he sought,
And was in bark to Bretagne blown.

CCCVIII.

With Earl of Richmond he remained,
And Lords of the Lancastrian kin;
When then the Earl the crown had gained,
And England's empire fair did win,

CCCIX.

He rendered Tunstall all his right,
Knowing his valiant blood unstained,
The King he caused this trusty knight,
Undefiled Tunstall to be named.

CCCX.

Most fierce he fought at Thalian field,
Where Martin Swart on ground lay slain,
When rage did reign, he never reeled,
But like a rock did still remain.

CCCXI.

Now came this man amongst the rest,
To match his father in manhood,
For battle ready bent and prest,
With him a band of lusty blood.

CCCXII.

Next went Sir Bold, and Butler brave,
Two valiant knights of Lancashire,
Then Bruerton bold, and Bygod grave,
With Warcop wild, a worthy squire.

CCCXIII.

Next Richard Chomley and Chiston stout,
With men of Hatfield, and of Hull,
Laurence of Dun, with all his rout,
The people freest with them did pull.

CCCXIV.

John Clarvis then was 'nexed near,
With Stapleton of stomach stern;
Next whom Fitz-williams forth did fare,
Who martial feats was not to learn.

CCCXV.

These captains keen, with all their might,
In right-hand wing did warlike wend:
All these on Edmund Howard, knight,
The Earl ordained to attend.

CCCXVI.

Then next the left-hand wing did wield
Sir Marmaduke Constable old,
With him a troop well tried in field,
And eke his sons and kinsfolk bold.

CCCXVII.

Next him Sir William Percy stood,
Who went with the Earl Piercy's power,
From Lancashire of lusty blood,
A thousand soldiers stiff in stour.

CCCXVIII.

Then the Earl himself did undertake
Of the rearward the regiment;
Whom barons bold did bravely back,
And southern soldiers seemly bent.

CCCXIX.

Next whom in place was 'nexed near
Lord Scroope of Bolton stern and stout,
On horseback, who had not his peer,
No English man, Scots more did doubt.

CCCXX.

With him did wend all Wensledale
From Morton unto Morsdale-moor:
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness-store.

CCCXXI.

From Wensdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bishopsdale went bowmen bold;
From Coverdale to Cotter End,
And all to Kidson Causeway cold.

CCCXXII.

From Mollerstang and Middleham,
And all from Mask and Middletonby,
And all that climb the mountain Cam,
Whose crown from frost is seldom free.

CCCXXIII.

With lusty lads and large of length,
Which dwelt on Seimer water-side;
All Richmondshire its total strength,
The valiant Scroope did lead and guide.

CCCXXIV.

Next went Sir Philip Tilney tall,
With him Sir Thomas Barclay brave;
Sir John Ratcliff in arms royal,
With Sir William Gascoyne grave.

CCCXXV.

Next whom did pass, with all his rout,
Sir Christopher Pickering proud;
Sir Bryan Stapleton, most stout,
Two valiant knights of noble blood.

CCCXXVI.

Next with Sir John Stanley there came
The Bishop of Ely's servant bold;
Sir Lionel Piercy, knight of fame,
Did lead some hundred men well told.

CCCXXVII.

Next went Sir Ninian Markanville,
In armour-coat of cunning work;
The next went Sir John Normanville,
With him the citizens of York.

CCCXXVIII.

Sir George Darcy, in banner bright,
Did bear a bloody broken spear;
Next went Sir Magnus with his might,
And Clapham bold of lusty chear.

CCCXXIX.

Sir Guy Dawney, with glorious rout,
Then Mr. Dalby's servants bold;
Then Richard Tempest, with his rout.
In rereward thus array did hold.

CCCXXX.

The right-hand wing, with all his rout,
The lusty Lord Dacres did lead;
With him the bows of Kendal stout,
With milk-white coats and crosses red.

CCCXXXI.

All Keswick eke, and Cockermouth,
And all the Capeland craggy hills;
All Westmoreland, both north and south,
Whose weapons were great weighty bills.

CCCXXXII.

All Carlisle eke and Cumberland,
With the Lord Dacres proud did pass,
From Branton and from Broughly sands,
From Grayston and from Ravenglass.

CCCXXXIII.

With striplings stout from Stainmoor side,
And Austen-moor, men marched even;
And those that Gilsland grave did hide,
With horsemen light from Heshan-Leven.

CCCXXXIV.

All these did go in Dacres' band,
All these ensued his banner broad;
No lustier Lord was in this land,
Nor more might boast of birth and blood.

CCCXXXV.

Many strong horses, huge of height,
Were all his own to give or sell,
A baron fair by his birthright,
And heritage, which to him fell.

CCCXXXVI.

These royal Lords thus ray did hold,
With ranges, ranks, and warlike wings,
But yet the man is left untold,
From whom true valour fairly springs.

CCCXXXVII.

Whose worthy praise and prowess great,
Whose glorious fame shall never blin;
Nor Neptune ever shall forget,
What praise he hath left to his king.

CCCXXXVIII.

Sir Edward Stanley, stiff in stour,
He is the man on whom I mean;
With him did pass a mighty power
Of soldiers seemly to be seen.

CCCXXXIX.

Most lively lads in Lonsdale bred,
With weapons of unwieldy weight;
All such as Tatham Fells had fed,
Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

CCCXL.

From Bolland bill-men bold came on,
With such as Botton Banks did hide;
From Wharmore up to Whittington,
And all to Wenning water-side.

CCCXLI.

From Silverdale and Kent Sand-side,
Where soil is sown with cockle-shells;
From Cartmel eke and Conney-side,
And fellows fierce from Furney's fells.

CCCXLII.

All Lancashire, for the most part,
The lusty Stanley stout did lead,
A stock of striplings strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

CCCXLIII.

From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wiggan unto Wiresdale,
From Wedicar to Waddington,
From Ribchester unto Ratchdale.

CCCXLIV.

From Poulton and Preston, with pikes,
They with the valiant Stanley went,
From Pemerton and Pilling-dikes,
For battle bill-men bold were bent.

CCCXLV.

With fellows fresh, and fierce in fight,
Which Herton-fields did turn in furs,
With lusty lads hearty and light,
From Blackburn and Bolton in the moors.

CCCXLVI.

With youth elected from Cheshire,
In armour bright for battle drest;
And many a gentleman and squire,
Were under Stanley's streamer prest.

CCCXLVII.

Thus Stanley stout, the last of all
Of the rereward, the rule did wield;
Which done to Bolton in Glendale,
The total army took the field.

CCCXLVIII.

Where all the council did consent,
That Rouge Croix to the Scottish King
With strict instructions should be sent,
To know for why these wars did spring,

FIT VI.

CCCKLIX.

WHEREAS the castle too of Ford
He threatened had to overthrow ;
Rouge Croix was charged word for word,
The Earl's intent to let him know.

CCCL.

That if the king would so agree,
To suffer that said fort to stand,
And William Heron send home free,
Who there was captive in Scotland ;

CCCLI.

If thus the king would condescend,
The Earl promised to restore,
And to the King immediate send,
Of Scotsmen taken captives four,

CCCLII.

Lord Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
Richard Hume and William Carr :
But if King James would yet presume,
In wrongful sort to raise up war

CCCLIII.

Against King Henry his brother-in-law,
And commons cruelly would kill,
And piles and forts would fierce down draw,
And English blood proceed to spill,

CCCLIV.

The Earl charged the herald's strait,
To certify the said Scots king,
That he in the field with him would fight,
On Friday then next following.

CCCLV.

And then ere Rouge Croix forth did fare,
The Admiral took him aside,
And bade him to the king declare,
“ His coming and access that tide.

CCCLVI.

“ That he from sea descended was
“ With all his total power and might,
“ And that in forward with his Grace,
“ He would prepare himself to fight.

CCCLVII.

“ And when the Scots for him did call
“ In days of March to make redress,
“ For Andrew Barton their Admiral,
“ Whom he with bloody blade did bless.

CCCLVIII.

“ Now he was come in person prest
“ The said Sir Andrew’s death to vouch ;
“ And if it in his power doth rest,”
Quoth he, “ I shall serve him with such.

CCCLIX.

“ For there no Scot shall ’scape unslain,
“ The King in person sole except ;
“ For so of Scots,” quoth he again,
“ No other mercy I expect.”

CCCLX.

And yet ere Rouge Croix went his way
The Earl and counsel did expect,
That the Scots King, without delay,
An herald would again direct.

CCCLXI.

Rouge Croix was yet commanded there
No Scotchman near the field to bring,
Lest he their conduct might declare,
And thereby dangers great might spring.

CCCLXII.

Then Rouge Croix ready took his horse,
Bedeckt with coat of arms most brave,
With him did go a trumpet hoarse,
That Scots their coming might perceive;

CCCLXIII.

Their geldings were both good and light,
From galloping they seldom staid,
Till at the length they viewed in sight,
Whereas their enemy's army laid.

CCCLXIV.

The Scottish watch soon them descried,
And them conveyed before the king,
Where he with barons bold did bide,
Whom Rouge Croix, on the ground kneeling,

CCCLXV.

With salutations did greet.
He after, his instructions straight,
Each one exprest, in order meet,
And letters 'livered in their sight.

CCCLXVI.

Whom, when the King of Scots had heard,
And also read his letters large,
Even frantic-like he fuming fared,
And bombard-like did boasts discharge.

CCCLXVII.

" If true," quoth he, " let it be exprest,
" Thou herald sent anon recite:
" And was your Earl so bold of breast,
" Thus proudly to a prince to write?

CCCLXVIII.

“ But since he seems to be so rough,
“ I swear by sceptre and by crown,
“ He shall have fighting fill enough,
“ On Friday, before sun go down.

CCCLXIX.

“ For here to God I promise plight,
“ We never will part, from this same hill,
“ Till we have tried your Earl’s whole might,
“ And given your folks fighting their fill.

CCCLXX.

“ Because he vexed our land of late,
“ Perchance his stomach is extolled,
“ But now we will withstand his Grace,
“ Or thousand heads there shall be polled.”

CCCLXXI.

To presence then he called his peers,
To whom he read the Earl’s whole bill;
Audience being given, with ireful ears,
Some said it came of little skill.

CCCLXXII.

An Earl of such a simple shire,
To anointed king such words to write!
Some bad the schedule cast in fire,
Some for to speak did spare for spite.

CCCLXXIII.

Some said, the herald of his head,
Such talk extempore did express,
And counselled that they with speed,
A Scottish herald should address,

CCCLXXIV.

To know of the Earl of Surrey plain,
If he such message did procure;
And till the time he turned again,
The English herald to make sure.

CCCLXXV.

Whereto the king did soon consent,
That Rouge Croix should with them remain,
And home with the English trumpet sent
Their herald, Ilay called by name.

CCCLXXVI.

Who was commanded for to know
Of the Earl and his council sage,
If Rouge Croix truth to him did show,
Or if he had sent such message?

CCCLXXVII.

And if true tidings he had brought,
And to his Grace avouched no lie:
The king in mind anon forethought,
How he the Earl might terrify.

CCCLXXVIII.

He Ilay then instructed strait,
With letters large and eloquent;
Which done, they soon set forth that night,
And towards the English camp they went.

CCCLXXIX.

But at a little village poor
Ilay did light, and lodging take;
The army was two miles off or more,
Whilst clanging trumpets noise did make.

CCCLXXX.

The night was even at midst well near,
And the English lords lying on grass,
Till time the trumpet did appear;
And told Earl Surrey all the case,

CCCLXXXI.

“ How that the Scotchmen did detain
“ Rouge Croix, and credit him would not,
“ And for to know the truth more plain,
“ The king himself had sent a Scot.”

CCCLXXXII.

Which he constrained for to stay,
And lodged then in a village mean,
Lest he their order might display,
And so the Scots advantage gain.

CCCLXXXIII.

Which when the Earl had understood,
And viewed the Scotchmen's dealings all,
He, in a sound and sober mood,
Upon his council strait did call.

CCCLXXXIV.

Where he in presence did repeat
The total tale the trumpet told,
The council mused with marvel great,
Why Scots their herald did with-hold.

CCCLXXXV.

And causes none they could conject,
But all surmises were deferred;
And sage advice was then defect,
Till they the Scottish herald heard.

CCCLXXXVI.

Wherefore as soon as Phœbus fair
Dame Luna's light and stars did stain,
And burning in the fiery chair,
His startling steeds haled forth amain,

CCCLXXXVII.

The Earl then called his council sage,
Who soon on horseback did surround;
And every man did bring his page,
To hold their horses in that stound.

CCCLXXXVIII.

But when they stept within the street,
The Scot was scarce from cabbage got,
Where he the English Earl did greet,
With little courtesy, like a Scot.

CCCLXXXIX.

Which done, the Earl did then command
His message he should manifest,
Then Ilay quickly out of hand,
His chiefest charge anon exprest.

CCCXC.

“ My Sovereign Lord,” quoth he, “ King James,
“ Would of your honour gladly hear,
“ If Rouge Croix was charged in your name,
“ Such bold words to his Grace to bear.

CCCXCI.

“ My master doth mistrust his words,
“ They cannot well be understood ;
“ Likewise do all our peerless Lords,”
Then soon he told what Rouge Croix said.

CCCXCII.

Quoth the Earl, “ What does thy master mean
“ Of herald ours to make such dread,
“ He did not forge the same, nor feign,
“ Nor do we any favour need.

CCCXCIII.

- “ Our herald’s words, we will justify,
“ Who truly did the same reveal;
“ His writings too the same will try,
“ Which of our arms do bear the seal.

CCCXCIV.

- “ Wherefore I of thy master muse,
“ Our herald why he handleth so.
“ And ’gainst all reason doth refuse,
“ Our message to make answer to.”

CCCXCV.

- Then Ilay to the Earl replied,
“ I say,” quoth he, “ so said my Lord,
“ And to your message at this tide,
“ I shall make answer word for word.

CCCXCVI.

- “ And for Ford-castle first of all,
“ Which to preserve you make such suit,
“ To save the same from fire or fall,
“ My master thereto biddeth mute.

CCCXCVII.

- “ And for the owner of the fort,
“ Who William Heron hath to name,
“ My master says, to show you short,
“ He will not answer to the same.

CCCXCVIII.

- “ For Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
“ Richard Hume and William Carr,
“ Our Prince himself in person is come,
“ Them to redeem by dint of war.

CCCXCIX.

- “ If you your message dare make good,
“ On Friday next in field to fight,
“ My master with a manful mood,
“ To mighty Jove hath promised plight

CCCC.

- “ For to abide the battle bold,
“ And give your folks fighting their fill,
“ And that your Lordship show I should,
“ So grateful be his Grace until,

CCCCI.

- “ As any Earl all England thorough;
“ For if you had such message sent,
“ To him at home in Edinborough,
“ He would have answered your intent.

CCCCII.

- “ Now if with dint of sword you dare,
“ Abide his Grace in battle bold,
“ On Friday next, he craves no far,
“ My message whole now I have told.”

CCCCIII.

A thousand thanks, Earl Surrey there,
Unto the Royal King did yield,
Whose princely heart did not forbear,
So simple a lord to meet in field.

CCCCIV.

And then a valiant vow he plight,
That he the battle bold would bide,
And on prefixed day would fight.
Which done he did command that tide,

CCCCV.

The Scottish herald Ilay kept,
Should for a season there sojourn,
And in safe custody be kept,
Till time that Rouge Croix did return.

CCCCVI.

When this the herald Ilay heard,
He to the King his servant sent,
Who to his Grace all things declared,
With the Earl's answer and intent.

CCCCVII.

The King then Rouge Croix did discharge,
Who hied home to the Earl in haste,
Then Ilay was let go at large,
When Rouge Croix came, who was kept fast.

CCCCVIII.

Then Rouge Croix did make true report
To the Earl and Captains in like case,
As he had seen, and in what sort,
The Scottish King encamped was.

CCCCIX.

Even on the height of Floddon Hill,
Where down below his ordnance lay,
So strong that no man's cunning skill
To fight with him could find a way.

CCCCX.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on one side did not lose,
The other side, great grizzly gills,
Did fence about with mire and moss.

CCCCXI.

Which, when the Earl had understood,
He counsel craved of his captains all,
Who had set forth with manful mood,
And take such fortune as would fall.

CCCCXII.

Whereto the Earl did soon consent,
And quickly called for a guide,
Lest by the way he harm might hent,
But hark, what happened that tie.

CCCCXIII.

The army pressed thus to proceed,
And all prepared in ranks to fight,
Came on a champion then indeed,
With sword in hand, in armour bright.

CCCCXIV.

At first his face his helmet hid,
Thus plainly have I heard report,
Who swiftly by the ranks did ride,
And to the Earl did strait resort.

CCCCXV.

The army marvelled at this man,
To see him ride in such array,
But what he was, or whence he came,
None of them all could certain say.

CCCCXVI.

When he the Earl of Surrey saw,
From off his stead, he leaped there,
And kneeling, gracefully did bow,
Holding his horse and quivering spear.

CCCCXVII.

In little time he silence brake,
“ My Lord,” quoth he, “ afford some grace;
“ Pardon my life for pity’s sake,
“ For now you are in King Henry’s place.

CCCCXVIII.

- “ Mercy, my Lord, from you I crave,
“ Freely forgive me mine offence :
“ Perhaps you shortly may perceive,
“ Your kindness I shall recompence.”

CCCCXIX.

- Quoth the Earl then, “ Tell us thy name :
“ Perhaps you have done some heinous deed,
“ And dare not shew thy face for shame,
“ What is thy fact, declare with speed.

CCCCXX.

- “ If thou hast wrought some treason, tell,
“ Or English blood by murder spilt,
“ Or hast thou been some rude rebell,
“ Else we will pardon thee thy guilt.”

CCCCXXI.

- Then to the Earl he did reply,
“ My Lord, my crime it is not such ;
“ The total world I do defy,
“ No man for treason can me touch.

CCCCXXII.

- “ I grant indeed I wrong have wrought,
“ Yet disobedience was the worst ;
“ Else I am clear from deed or thought,
“ And to extreams I have been forced.

CCCCXXIII.

- “ And as for hurting English men,
“ I never hurt man, maid, or wife,
“ Howbeit, Scots some nine or ten,
“ At least, I have bereaved of life.

CCCCXXIV.

- “ Else I, in time of wealth and want,
“ Unto my king persisted true,
“ Wherefore, good Lord, my life now grant,
“ And then my name I will shortly shew.”

CCCCXXV.

- Quoth the Earl, then “ Pluck up thy heart,
“ You seem to be a person brave ;
“ Stand up at once, lay dread apart,
“ Thy pardon freely thou shalt have.

CCCCXXVI.

- “ Thou seemest to be a man indeed,
“ And of thy hands hardy and wight,
“ Of such a man we will stand in need,
“ Perchance at Friday next at night.”

CCCCXXVII.

- Then on his feet he started strait,
And thanked the Earl for that good tide,
Then on his horse he leaped light,
Saying, “ My Lord, ye lack a guide.

CCCCXXVIII.

- “ But I shall you conduct full strait
“ To where the Scots encamped are ;
“ I know of old the Scottish sleight,
“ And crafty stratagems of war.

CCCCXXIX.

- “ Thereto experience hath me taught,
“ Now I will shew you who I am ;
“ On borders here I was up brought,
“ And Bastard Heron is my name.”

CCCCXXX.

- “ What,” quoth the Earl, “ Bastard Heron,
“ He dyed at least now two years since,
“ Betwixt Newark and Northampton,
“ He perished through the pestilence.

CCCCXXXI.

- “ Our king to death had deemed the man,
“ ’Cause he the Scottish warden slew,
“ And on our borders first began
“ Those raging wars for to renew.

CCCCXXXII.

- “ But God his purpose did prevent,
“ He died of the plague, to prove,
“ King Henry his death did since lament,
“ He wond’rous well the man did love.

CCCCXXXIII.

“ Would God thy tale were true this tide,
“ Thou Bastard Heron might be found,
“ Thou in this gate should be our guide,
“ I know right well you know the ground.”

CCCCXXXIV.

“ I am the same,” said he again,
And therewith did unfold his face:
Each person then perceived him plain,
That done, he opened all the case.

CCCCXXXV.

Quoth he “ When I the Scots warden
“ Had with my blade bereaved of life,
“ I knew well I should get no pardon,
“ But sure I was to suffer death.

CCCCXXXVI.

“ In haste King Henry for me sent,
“ To whom I durst not disobey:
“ So towards London strait I went,
“ But, hark, what I wrought by the way.

CCCCXXXVII.

“ I nothing but the truth shall note:
“ That time in many a town and borough,
“ The pestilence was raging hot,
“ And raging, reigned all England thorough.

CCCCXXXVIII.

- “ So coming to a certain town,
“ I said I was infected sore;
“ And in a lodge they laid me down,
“ Where company I had no more;

CCCCXXXIX.

- “ But my own secret servants three,
“ Who, fraid of townsmen, careful watched;
“ So in that stead no more staid I,
“ But homeward by the dark dispatched.

CCCCXL.

- “ My servants secretly that night,
“ Did frame a corps in cunning sort;
“ And on the morning, soon as light,
“ My death did ruefully report.

CCCCXLI.

- “ And so my servants on that morn
“ The corps to bury soon were bound;
“ Crying, Alas! like men forlorn,
“ And seemed for sorrow to fall down.

CCCCXLII.

- “ The corps they cunningly conveyed,
“ And made the bell aloud be rung;
“ And money to the priest they paid,
“ And service for my soul was sung.

CCCCXLIII.

“ Which done, they tidings strait did bring
“ Unto King Henry, I was dead ;
“ ‘ Christ have his soul,’ then said the king,
“ ‘ For sure he should have lost his head.

CCCCXLIV.

“ ‘ If he up to the court had come,
“ ‘ I promised had so, by St. Paul,
“ ‘ But since God did prevent our doom,
“ ‘ Almighty Christ forgive his saul.’

CCCCXLV.

“ To mansion mine, I came at last,
“ By journeys nimbly, all by night ;
“ And now two years or more are past
“ Since openly I came in sight.

CCCCXLVI.

“ No wight did know but I was dead
“ Save my three servants and my wife ;
“ Now am I start up in this stead,
“ And come again from death to life.”

CCCCXLVII.

So said, the lords and knights of fame,
From laughing loud could not refrain ;
To hear his Gando, had good game,
And of his welfare all were fain.

CCCCXLVIII.

Whose policy they had perceived,
And oftentimes his truth had tried,
Which was the cause so sore they craved,
This Heron grave to be their guide.

CCCCXLIX.

Read the Fourth Part, it makes an end
Of Heron's story, and the fight.
Let young and old to this attend,
It will give instruction with delight.

PART IV.

FIT VII.

CCCCL.

THEN forth before brave Heron flew,
The borderers bold to him did draw,
The total army did ensue,
And came that night to Wooler-Haugh.

CCCCLI.

The English Lords there lodged their host,
Because the place was plain and dry;
And was within six miles at most,
Whereas their enemies did lie.

CCCCLII.

The morrow next they were removed,
Though weather was both foul and ill,
Along down by a pleasant flood,
Which called is, the Water of Till.

CCCCLIII.

And all that day they viewed in sight,
Whereas the Scots for battle stood,
Because the day was spent, that night
The army lodged at Barmoor-wood.

CCCCLIV.

Then valiantly, with the vanguard,
The morrow next, with mature skill,
The Admiral did march forward,
And passed over the water of Till.

CCCCLV.

At Twizel-bridge, with ordnance,
And other engines fit for war,
His father eke did forth advance,
And at Millfield from thence not far,

CCCCLVI.

With the rereward, the river past,
All ready in ranks and battle-array,
They had no need more time to waste,
For victuals they had none that day.

CCCCLVII.

But black fasting as they were born,
From flesh or fish, or other food ;
Drink had they none two days before,
But water won in running flood.

CCCCLVIII.

Yet they such stedful faiths did bear
Unto their king and native land;
Each one to other then did swear,
'Gainst foes to fight while they could stand.

CCCCLIX.

And never flee, while life did last,
But rather die by dint of sword :
Thus over plains and hills they past,
Until they came to Sandyford.

CCCLX.

A brook, of breadth a taylor's yard,
Where the Earl of Surrey thus did say,
" Good fellow soldiers be not afraid,
" But fight it out like men this day.

CCCCLXI.

“ Like Englishmen now play your parts,
 “ Bestow your strokes with stomach bold,
 “ Ye know the Scottish toward hearts,
 “ And how we have scourged them of old.

CCCLXII.

“ Strike but three strokes with stomach stout,
 “ And shoot each man sharp arrows three,
 “ And you shall see without all doubt,
 “ The scolding Scots begin to flee.

CCCCCLXII.

- “ Think on your country’s commonwealth,
“ In what estate the same shall stand,
“ To Englishmen no hopes of health,
“ If Scotsmen gain the upper hand.

CCCCCLXIV.

- “ If we should not them boldly bide,
“ But, cowards-like, from them should turn;
“ All England north, from Trent to Tweed,
“ The haughty Scots would harry and burn.

CCCCCLXV.

- “ Your faithful wives, and daughters pure,
“ They would not stick for to defile;
“ Of life none could be safe and sure,
“ But murdered be by villains vile.

CCCCCLXVI.

- “ But if you will fight like souls most fierce,
“ So that by force we win the field,
“ My tongue cannot tell and rehearse
“ What plenteous soil we then shall wield.

CCCCCLXVII.

- “ Besides all that, perpetual praise
“ Throughout all ages we shall gain,
“ And quietly pass out our days;
“ And in a lasting peace remain.”

CCCCCLXVIII.

“ Agreed;”—the soldiers then replied,
And to the Earl they promised plight,
“ There on that bent boldly to bide,
“ And never flee, but fiercely fight.”

CCCCCLXIX.

Then marched forth the men of war,
And every band their banners shewed;
And trumpets hoarse were heard afar,
And harness glittering was viewed.

CCCCCLXX.

Thus they past forth along the plain,
And strait forth by a valley low;
Whence up above, on the mountain,
The Scotch army they clearly saw.

CCCCCLXXI.

Which they did leave on the left hand,
And past forth on the Surrey side,
Till twixt the Scots and Scottish land,
They were conducted by their guide.

CCCCCLXXII.

Now all this while the King of Scots
Beheld them fair before his eyne,
Within his mind drove many doubts,
Musing what the English did mean.

CCCCCLXXIII.

Giles Musgrave, then, a gainful Greek,
And friend familiar with the king,
Said, " Now, Sir King, if you do seek,
" To know the English men's meaning,

CCCCCLXXIV.

" You better notice cannot have,
" Than that which I to you shall tell,
" What they forecast, I full conceive,
" I know their meaning passing well.

CCCCCLXXV.

" Your marches they mean for to sack,
" And borders yours to harry and burn,
" Wherefore it's best that we go back,
" From such intent them for to turn."

CCCCCLXXVI.

This Musgrave was a man of skill,
And spake this for a policy,
To cause the king come down the hill,
That so the battle tried might be.

CCCCCLXXVII.

The king gave credit to his words,
Trusting his talk was void of train,
He, with consent of all his lords,
Did march with speed down to the plain,

CCCCCLXXVIII.

By north there was another hill,
Which Branxton-hill is called by name,
The Scots there scoured with right good will,
Lest the English men should get the same.

CCCCCLXXIX.

The litter which they left behind,
And other filth on fire they set,
Whose dusty smoak the light did blind,
That both the armies soon they met.

CCCCCLXXX.

For when the weather waxed clear
And smoak consumed within a while,
The armies both in distance were,
Not past a quarter of a mile.

CCCCCLXXXI.

Then the Admiral did plain aspect
The Scots arrayed in battles four,
The man was sage and circumspect,
And soon perceived that his power

CCCCCLXXXII.

So great a strength could not gainstand,
Wherefore he to his father sent,
Desiring him strait out of hand,
With the rereward ready to be bent,

CCCCCLXXXIII.

And join with him in equal ground :
Where to the Earl agreed anon,
Then drums struck up with dreadful sound,
And trumpets blew with doleful tune,

CCCCCLXXXIV.

Then sounding bows were soon up bent,
Some did their arrows sharp up take,
Some did in hand their halbards hent,
Some rusty bills did ruffling shake.

FIT VIII.

CCCCCLXXXV.

THEN ordnance great anon out-brast,
On either side, with thundering thumps,
And roaring guns with fire fast,
Then levelled out great leaden lumps.

CCCCCLXXXVI.

With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art,
Began this fierce and dreadful fight,
But the arch-gunner on the English part,
The master Scot did mark so right,

CCCCCLXXXVII.

That he with bullet brust his brain,
And hurled his heels his head above,
Then piped he such a peal again,
The Scots he from their ordnance drove.

CCCCCLXXXVIII.

So by the Scots artillery,
The Englishmen no harm did hend;
But the English gunner grievously,
Them tennis-balls did sousing send,

CCCCCLXXXIX.

Into the midst of the enemies' ranks,
Where they in furious rage down rushed,
Some shouting laid with broken shanks,
Some crying laid with numbers crushed.

CCCCXC.

Thus Englishmen with bombard shot,
Their enemies down thick they threw;
But yet the Scots, with stomach stout,
Their broken ranks did still renew.

CCCCXCI.

And when the roaring guns did cease
To handy strokes they hied apace;
And with their total power did press,
To join with enemies face to face.

CCCCXCII.

Then Englishmen, a feathered flight
Sent out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many a warlike wight;
And many a groom to ground did throw.

CCCCXCIII.

The gray-goose wings did work such grief
And did the Scots so scour and skail;
For in their battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as rank as hail.

CCCCXCIV.

That many a soldier on the soil,
Lay dead that day through dint of dart,
The arrows keen kept such a coil,
And wounded many to the heart.

CCCCXCV.

They pierced the scalp of many a Scot,
So that on ground they groaning fell,
Some had his shoulder quite through shot,
Some losing life, did loudly yell.

CCCCXCVI.

One from his leg the lance would pull,
Another through his stomach stricked ;
Some bleeding, bellowed like a bull,
Some were through privy members pricked.

CCCCXCVII.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrow-shot at last was done,
And then they went to strokes of hand,
And at the last did battle join.

CCCCXCVIII.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills stept forth, and bows went back,
The Moorish pikes, and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

CCCCXCIX.

The Englishmen stretcht east and west,
And southward did their faces set;
The Scotchmen northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

D.

First, westward of a wing there was
Sir Edmund Howard, captain chief,
With whom did pass, in equal mace,
Sir Bryan Tunstall, to be brief.

DI.

With whom encountered a strong Scot,
Who was the king's chief chamberlain,
Lord Hume by name, of courage hot,
Who manfully marched them again.

DII.

Ten thousand Scots, well tried and told,
Under his standard stout he led;
When the Englishmen did him behold,
For fear at first they would have fled,

DIII.

Had not the valiant Tunstall been
Who still stept on with stomach stout,
Crying, "Come on, good countrymen,
" Now fiercely let us fight it out.

DIV.

“ Let not the number of our foes,
“ Your manful hearts minish or shake,
“ Nor never let the world suppose,
“ That Scotchmen made us turn our back.

DV.

“ Like doughty lads, let us rather die,
“ And from our blood take all rebuke:
“ With edged tools now let us try;”
Then from the ground he mould up took,

DVI.

And did the same in mouth receive
In token of his Maker dear;
Which, when his people did perceive,
His valiant heart renewed their chear.

DVII.

Then first before, in foremost ray,
The trusty Tunstall bold forth sprung;
His stomach could no longer stay,
But thundering thrust into the throng.

DVIII.

And as true men did make report
In present place which did on look,
He was the first for to be short,
On the English part, that proffered stroke.

DIX.

All those that he with halbert wrought,
He made to stagger in that stound;
And many a man to ground he brought,
And dealt there many a deadly wound.

DX.

And forward still 'gainst foes he flew,
And threshing turned them all to teen;
Where he a noble Scotchman slew,
Who called was Sir Malkin Keene.

DXI.

He still his foes pursued fast,
And weapon in Scotch blood he warmed,
And slaughter lashed, till at the last
The Scots so thick about him swarmed,

DXII.

That he from succour covered was,
And from his men which Scots had skailed,
Yet for all that he kept his place,
He fiercely fought, and never failed.

DXIII.

Till with an edged sword one came,
And at his legs below did dash;
And near a score of Scots, the same,
Upon his helmet high did clash.

DXIV.

Though he could not withstand such strength,
Yet never would he flee nor yield,
Alas! for want of aid, at length,
He slain was fighting in the field.

DXV.

Down fell this valiant active knight,
His body great, on ground did lie;
But up to Heaven, with angels bright,
His golden ghost did fluttering fly.

DXVI.

Who, now, intombed, lies at a church,
Carved out in stone to shew his fate,
That though, by fate, left in the lurch,
He died a death renowned and great.

DXVII.

After his fall the people fled,
And all that wing did fall to wrack,
Some fighting fierce died in the stead,
The rest for terror turned their back.

DXVIII.

Save Sir Edmund Howard all alone,
Who with his standard-bearer yet,
Seeing his folks all fled and gone;
In haste to vanguard hyed to get.

DXIX.

But he Scot-free had not so 'scaped,
For why, right hot Sir David Hume,
With troop of horse had him entrapped,
Had not John Bastard Heron come

DXX.

With half a score of horsemen light,
Crying, "Now Howard, have good heart,
"For unto death till we be dight,
"I promise here to take thy part."

DXXI.

Which heard then Howard's heart up drew,
And with the spearmen forth he sprung,
And fierce among their foes they flew,
Where David Hume down dead they flung.

DXXII.

Then many a Scot that stout did stand,
With dreadful stroke they did reward;
So Howard, through bold Heron's hand,
Came safe and sound to the vanguard.

DXXIII.

Where the Admiral, with strength extent,
Then in the field fierce fighting was,
'Gainst whom in battle bold was bent,
Two Scotch Earls of an ancient race.

DXXIV.

One Crawford called, the other Montross,
Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen strong,
Who manfully met with their foes,
With leaden mells and lances long.

DXXV.

Their battering blows made solid sound,
There many a sturdy stroke was given;
And many a baron brought to ground,
And many a banner broad was riven.

DXXVI.

But yet, in fine, through mighty force
The Admiral quit himself so well,
And wrought so, that the Scots had worst,
For down in field both Earls they fell.

DXXVII.

Now the Earl Surrey next by east,
Most fiercely 'gainst his foes he fought;
'Gainst whom King James, in battle prest,
With banners blazed, his battle brought.

DXXVIII.

Under which was many a baron bold,
And many a lord of lusty blood;
And trusty knights well tried and told;
With mitred prelates passing proud,

DXXIX.

With the Earl of Caithness and Cassel,
The Earl of Morton and of Mar;
With Errol, Addell, and Atholl,
With Bothwell bold and of Glencarr.

DXXX.

Lord Lovett led a lusty power,
So Clustone, Inderby, and Ross;
Lord Maxwell, with his brethern four,
Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes.

DXXXI.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
With them well tried a mighty sum;
All with the king came down the hill,
With Cawell, Kay, and Caddy Hume.

DXXXII.

With Captains great and commons stout,
'Bove twenty thousand men at least,
All with the king most fierce on foot,
Against their foes themselves addrest.

DXXXIII.

Now the Earl of Surrey on the English side
Encouraged his soldiers keen,
Crying, " Good fellows, strike this tide,
" Let now your valiant acts be seen."

DXXXIV.

Then spears and pikes to work were put,
And blows with cutting axes dealt.
Then towering helmets through were cut,
That some their wounds scarce ever felt.

DXXXV.

On one side death triumphant reigned
And stopt their pains as well as groans ;
Of those who piercing wounds had gained,
The hills did eccho with the moans.

DXXXVI.

Then on the Scottish part right proud
The Earl of Bothwell did out-burst,
And stepping forth with stomach good ;
Unto the English fierce did thrust.

DXXXVII.

And “ Bothwell Bothwell,” cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue ;
But there he catched a welcome cold ;
A valiant Englishman him slew.

DXXXVIII.

Thus Herbert, through his haughty heart
His fatal end in conflict found ;
Now all this while, on either part,
Was dealt full many a deadly wound.

DXXXIX.

On either side were soldiers slain
And stricken down with strength of hand,
That who should win, none could say plain,
The victory in doubt did stand.

FIT IX.

DXL.

BUT at the last great Stanley stout,
Came marching up the mountain steep;
His folks could hardly fast their feet,
Forced on hands and knees to creep.

DXLI.

Some from the leg the boot would draw,
That loose it might take the better hold,
Some from the foot the shoe would thraw;
Thus of true men I have been told.

DXLII.

The sweat down from their bodies ran,
And hearts did hop in panting breast,
Until the mountain-top they wan,
In warlike-wise ere Scotsmen wist.

DXLIII.

Where for a while brave Stanley staid,
Until his folks had taken breath;
To whom at last even thus he said,
“ Most hardy mates, down from this heath,

DXLIV.

- “ Against our foes fast let us hye,
“ Our valiant countrymen to aid;
“ With fighting fierce, much fear have I,
“ Lest that they should be overlaid.

DXLV.

- “ My Lancashire most lively wights,
“ And chosen men from Cheshire strong;
“ With sounding bow your feathered flights
“ Let fiercely fly your foes among.

DXLVI.

- “ March down from this high mountain-top,
“ And brunt of battle let us bide
“ With stomach stout, let us make no stop,
“ Stanley will be to you a guide.

DXLVII.

- “ A scourge for Scots my father was,
“ He Berwick town from them did gain;
“ No doubt but ere this day shall pass,
“ His son like fortune shall obtain.

DXLVIII.

- “ And now the Earl of Surrey sore
“ The Scots, I see, beset this tide;
“ But since with foes he fights before,
“ We will suddenly set on the side.”

DXLIX.

The noise then made the mountains ring,
And "Stanley stout," they all did cry:
Out went anon the grey-goose wing,
And amongst the Scots did fluttering fly.

DL.

And though the Scots at Stanley's name
Were stonished sore, yet stout they stood;
And for defence did fiercely frame,
A narrow dint of dangerous bode.

DLI.

Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes,
With them ten thousand Scotsmen strong;
Endured death through danger's force,
Alas! for them, they staid too long.

DLII.

Which when Lord Stanley stout did see,
Into the throng, he thundering thrust;
"My Lancashire brave lads," quoth he,
"Down with the Scots this day we must."

DLIII.

Then foes he forced to break their ray,
And many a life was lost that while,
No voice was heard but kill and slay,
Down goes the Scots Earl of Argyle.

DLIV.

The Earl of Lenox, luck had like,
He slain was fighting fierce that tide :
Lord Forbes, Bargeny, and Borthwick,
Upon that bent did breathless bide.

DLV.

And so the Earl of Huntley's hap
Had been resembled to the rest,
But that through skill he made escape,
With an English blade he had been blest.

DLVI.

For having near a horse at hand,
On him he scouring 'scaped away,
Else doubtless, as the case did stand,
On Floddon-hill he had died that day.

DLVII.

After these Lords were dead or fled,
And companies left captainless ;
Their soldiers then did fly with speed :
With souls of horror and distress.

DLVIII.

Whom Stanley, with his total strength
Swiftly pursues unto the plain,
Where, on the king he light at length ;
Who fighting was with all his main.

DLIX.

When his approach the king perceived,
With stomach stout he him withstood;
His Scots right bravely then behaved,
And battle boldly there abode,

DLX.

Then showers of arrows fierce were shot,
Which did each side so pierce and gaul,
That ere they came to handy strokes,
Great numbers on the ground did fall.

DLXI.

The king himself was wounded sore,
An arrow in his forehead light,
That he could scarce fight any more,
The blood so blemished his sight.

DLXII.

“ Fight on, my men,” the king then said,
“ Yet fortune she may turn the scale,
“ And for my wounds be not dismayed,
“ Nor ever let your courage fail.”

DLXIII.

Thus dying, did he brave appear
Till shades of death did close his eyes.
Till then he did his soldiers chear,
And raise their courage to the skies,

DLXIV.

But what availed his valour great
Or bold device, it was all in vain :
His captains keen failed at his feet,
And standard-bearer too was slain.

DLXV.

The archbishop of St. Andrews brave,
King James his son in base begot,
That doleful day did death receive,
With many a lusty Lord-like Scot.

DLXVI.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
Morton and Fair for all their power,
The Earl of Erroll and Atholl,
Lord Maxwell, with his brethren four.

DLXVII.

And last of all, amongst the lave,
King James himself to death gave way,
Yet by whose hands none could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was he.

DLXVIII.

After the king and captains slain,
The commons strait did fall to ground.
The Englishmen pursued amain,
And never ceased till sun went down.

DLXIX.

Then the Earl Surrey caused to sound
A trumpet to retreat anon ;
And captains caused to keep their ground,
Till morrow next while night was gone.

DLXX.

And the English soldiers all that night,
Although they weary were with toil ;
Of Scotsmen costly slain in fight,
Of jewels rich spared not to spoil.

DLXXI.

The carcase of the king himself
Naked was left as it was found,
The Earl could not know it right,
Searching the same upon the ground.

DLXXII.

Till the Lord Dacres, at the last,
By certain signs did know the king ;
His corps in a cart being placed
They to Newcastle did it bring.

DLXXIII.

Twelve thousand Scots it seems were slain,
Of English but five thousand fell ;
But fifteen hundred, others plain,
As words can make it, to us tell.

DLXXIV.

Great store of guns were likewise taken,
Amongst the rest seven culverines;
Seven sisters called, which do remain,
To be talked of to latest times.

DLXXV.

King James's body was embalmed,
Sweet, like a king, and then was sent
To Shene in Surrey, where intombed,
Some say there is now a monument.

DLXXVI.

But Bryan Tunstall, that brave knight,
A never-dying honour gains;
And will, as long as day and night,
Or as this little book remains.

DLXXVII.

Thus have you heard of Floddon fight,
Worthy of each to be commended;
Because that then old England's right
Was bravely by her sons defended.

NOTES

TO THE

BATTLE OF FLODDON.

N. denotes words that are spoken in the North.

PAGE I.

THE First *Fit*, *i. e.* the First Division, or Part. See Dr. Percy's ingenious note in the *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 166.

Stanza I. Cease. Perhaps the Author means *omit*, *forbear*.
Cease, *omitto*. Litt. Dict.

6. *Great Howard.*] Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet. He was made Knight of the Garter, 1 Ric. III. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Bosworth, and committed to the Tower by Hen. VII. and attainted by parliament. K. Henry asked him, how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard; to which he answered, "He was my crowned King, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are established by the said authority." In the rebellion against the King, by the Earl of Lincoln, the Lieutenant of the Tower offered the Earl of Surrey the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty; but he replied, "That he would not be delivered by any power, but by that which had committed him." After he had been in prison three years and a half, the King gave him his liberty; and knowing his worth and nice sense of honour,

he took him into favour, and delivered up to him all his estates. The Earl took all occasions of relieving the oppressed subjects; and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. The Scots made an irruption into England, and besieged Norham-castle: The Earl raised the siege, took the castle of Ayton, and made all the country round a desert. James IV. of Scotland, incensed at this, sent a herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible and spirited answer; "That his life belonged to the King, whilst he had the command of his army; but when that was ended, that he would fight the King on horseback, or on foot; adding, that, if he took the King prisoner in the combat, he would release him without any ransom; and that if the King should vanquish him, he would then pay such a sum for his liberty, as was competent for the degree of an Earl." A. 1501, the Earl was Lord High Treasurer. In June, 1502, Margaret, the King's daughter, a beautiful Princess, at the age of fourteen years, was attended by the Earl of Surrey, with a great company of Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Squires, to the town of Berwick, whence she was conveyed to St. Lambert's church in Lamymoor, where K. James, attended by the chief nobility, received her, and carried her to Edinburgh. The next day after her arrival there, she was with great solemnity married unto him, in the presence of all his nobles. The King gave great entertainments to the English, whom the Scotch noblemen and ladies far outshone, both in costly apparel, rich jewels, massy chains, habiliments set with goldsmith's work, garnished with pearl, and stones of price, and in gallant and well trapped horses. They made also great feasts for the English Lords and Ladies, and showed them justing, and other pleasant pastimes, as good as could be devised after the manner of Scotland. Diverse Ladies of Q. Margaret's train remained in Scotland, and were afterwards well married to Noblemen. *Lesly. Holinsbed.*

Q. Margaret's portion was 10,000l. Her jointure from K. James 2000l. a year, and she received pin-money from him annually, 331l. 6s. 8d.

In 1507, two years before the death of Hen. VII. the Earl was Ambassador to the K. of France. 2 Hen. VIII. He was made Earl Marshal for life. A. 1511, he was one of the Commissioners at the Court of Arragon. When Hen. VIII. heard, that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, "That he had left a Nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults." After the battle of Floddon, the Earl himself presented K. James's armour to the Queen Regent. When the King returned from France, he gave the Earl an augmentation of his arms, viz. to bear on the bend the upper part of a Red Lion, depicted in the same manner as the arms of Scotland, pierced through the mouth with an arrow. A. 1514, the Earl was created Duke of Norfolk, and a grant was given him in special tail of several manors. He hated, and opposed Cardinal Wolsey, because he advised the King to pursue measures hurtful to the liberties of the people. Finding that this opposition availed nothing, he resigned his post, and retired from Court. He died A. 1524.

13. Teen. *Harm, injury.* N.

18. Mack, or make. *Match, equal.* Mackless, *matchless.* N.

18. Latham-house, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire, is famous for sustaining a siege of two years, against the Parliament-army, being most gallantly defended by a lady, Charlotte, Countess of Derby; who never could be brought to capitulate, but maintained the place, till Prince Rupert came with the King's forces, and compelled the enemy to raise their siege, A. 1644.

37. In the old ballad, entitled Sir Andrew Barton, the bowman who shot Sir Andrew, is by a mistake called Horsely. It was a Yorkshire gentleman that killed him, of the name of Hustler.

The last male descendant of that ancient and opulent family, James Hustler, Esq. of Acklam Hall, in Cleveland, near Stockton, was buried in a grand manner, A. 1768.

39. *Your warden.*] Sir Robert Carr was made by James IV. his chief butler, engineer, and warden of the middle marches. He was much esteemed by the King for his virtuous qualities. He was a severe punisher of the English and Scotch border-robbers,

therefore they were determined to destroy him. At a solemn meeting between the English and Scotch, in order to reclaim stolen goods, altercations arose, when three desperate Englishmen, John Heron the Bastard, Lilburn, and Starhed, fell upon him; one of whom stabbed him with a spear in the back, and the other two dispatched him. Henry VII. enraged at this villainous action, delivered John Heron, Laird of Ford, brother to the Bastard, and Lilburn to the Scots, who imprisoned them in Fastcastle Tower in the Mers, where the latter died. The Bastard and Starhed hid themselves in the interior parts of England, until the reign of Henry VIII. when the Bastard, trusting to the power of his relations, appeared openly at his own house, and privately sent thieves into Scotland to disturb the peace. Starhed thought himself safe, having built a house at the distance of ninety miles from the Border. But Andrew Carr, the son of Sir Robert, prevailed upon two of his dependants, of the name of Tate, to disguise themselves, who entered Starhed's house in the night, and brought away his head to Andrew, who fixed it in one of the most conspicuous places of the city of Edinburgh.

The Bastard flourished many years, till A. 1524, when he, with 900 Englishmen entered the marches of Scotland. After a stout battle with the Scots, 200 Englishmen were taken prisoners, and the Bastard slain. *Holinshed.*

Others write, that 200 Scots were taken, and that the rest fled. And that Sir Ralph Fenwick, Leonard Musgrave, and the Bastard, with thirty other horsemen, having pursued the Scots too far, were overcome by them. Fenwick, Musgrave, and six others being taken prisoners, and the Bastard killed: whose death the Scots thought to be a very ample recompence for the loss of their 200 men. *Hall.*

Which of these two contrary accounts are we to believe? If we estimate, by the price, the credit of the old chronicle of Holinshed printed in 1586, we shall have no mean opinion of it; for his history is sold by the booksellers for 6l. 16s. 6d.

47. Millners. Millers are now so called about Leeds.

49. Bodword. *An ominous message.* Bodwords are now used to express *ill-natured errands.* N.

51. *A half moon, &c.*] The silver crescent is the badge of the Percys, supposed to have been assumed by one of that noble family, who had been in an expedition, against the Saracens, in the Holy Land. Vide Dr. Percy's note. *Rel. of Anc. English Poetry.* Vol. I. p. 227, 2d Edition.

57. Lave. *The rest.* N.

58. Dun bulls were the supporters of the arms of Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland.

60. Earl of Westmoreland.] It is remarkable that the last Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, was one of the most unfortunate, and the first Earl one of the happiest men in the world; both with respect to his vast possessions, his grand alliance by marriage, the number of his children, and the high honours to which they arrived.

Ralph, Lord Nevil, of Raby Castle, in the County of Durham, commonly called the great Earl of Westmoreland, obtained this title from Richard II. A. 1397. He had twenty children.

By his first wife, Margaret, nine.

1. John, his eldest son, Lord Nevil, &c.
2. Ralph, in the right of Mary his wife, Lord Ferrars, of Ously.
3. Maud, married to Peter, Lord Mauley.
4. Alice, married to Sir Thomas Gray.
5. Philippa, married to Thomas, Lord Dacres, of Gilsland.
6. Margaret, married to the Lord Scroope, of Bolton.
7. Ann, married to Sir Gilbert Humfreville.
8. Margerie, Abbess of Barking.
9. Elizabeth, a Nun.

By his second wife, Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, sister of the Duke of Exeter, and the Bishop of Winchester, and half-sister of Hen. IV. he had eleven children.

1. Richard, Earl of Salisbury.
2. William, in the right of Joan his wife, Lord Faulconbridge.
3. George, Lord Latimer.
4. Edward, Lord Abergavenny.

5. Robert, Bishop of Durham.
6. Thomas, in the right of his wife, Lord Seymour.
7. Catharine, married to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
8. Eleanor, married to Henry, Earl of Northumberland.
9. Ann, married to Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham.
10. Jane, a Nun.
11. Cicely, married to Richard, Duke of York, and mother to King Edward IV.

Concerning the above-mentioned Bishop of Winchester, I shall give the reader an extract from a sermon of Bishop Latimer, preached before King Edward VI. A. 1549.

“ There was a bishop of Winchester, in King Henry VI.’s days, which King was but a child, and yet were there many good acts made in his childhood, and I do not read that they were broken. This Bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke, that he was able to shoulder the Lord Protector. Well; it chanced, that the Lord Protector and he fell out, and the Bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the Satrapa, so that the Regent of France was fain to be sent for, from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and to go between them. For the Bishop was as able to buckle with the Lord Protector, as he was with him. Was not this a good prelate? He should have been at home a preaching in his Diocese in a wanian. This Protector was so noble and godly a man, that he was called of every man, the good Duke Humphrèy. He kept such a house, as never was kept since in England, without any enhancing of rents I warrant you, or any such matter. And the Bishop, for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother, the holy church, was made Cardinal at Calais, and thither the Bishop of Rome sent him a Cardinal’s hat. He should have had a Tyburn-tippet, a half-penny halter, and all such proud prelates. These Romish hearts never brought good into England.

“ Upon this, the Bishop goeth me to the Queen Margaret, the King’s wife, a proud woman, and a stout, and persuaded her, that if the Duke were in such authority still, and lived, the people

would honour him more than they did the king, and the king should not be set by; and so between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at St. Edmunds Bury, in a parliament, the good Duke Humphrey was smothered."

A. 1414, the Earl of Westmoreland was Warden of the Marches, and was said to have been a man of great gravity, wisdom, and experience. He died A. 1425, and was buried in the Cathedral church of Durham, on the south side of it, between two pillars. On the top of a square tomb, lie the effigies of himself and his lady in alabaster. On the four sides thereof are carved eighteen of his children; one of which seems to represent Robert, Bishop of Durham, by a canonical habit, and his hands elevated in a supplicating posture.

This monument, and that of his son John, the second Earl of Westmoreland, near to it, were defaced by the Scots, of whom 4500 after the battle of Dunbar were imprisoned in the Cathedral.

The Earl of Westmoreland earnestly petitioned the prior and convent, that they would suffer him to be buried under the same roof, with St. Cuthbert. This high honour was granted to him, the first layman, that ever obtained it, in consideration of the many magnificent presents given by him and his Countess to that saint.

The grand Anthony Beck, who commonly had in his retinue 140 knights, was the first Bishop that was buried in the church of Durham.

Charles, the last Earl of Westmoreland, of this name of Nevil, after his unsuccessful rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, by which he forfeited an estate of 30,000*l* per annum, fled into Flanders, where he lived in penury, upon a small, and ill-paid pension given to him by the King of Spain. He died miserably, according to Speed, affected with ulcers, A. 1584.

Pilkinton, Bishop of Durham, commenced a suit against Queen Elizabeth for the Earl of Westmoreland's goods and estate lying within his diocese. But the Queen prevailed, because, at a great expense, she had protected the Bishoprick, and the Bishop against

the rebels, who sought for his two infant daughters to kill them. But they escaped, being conveyed away in beggar's cloaths.

The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth had each of them a portion of 10,000*l.* left to them by the will of their father, Henry VIII. of which there is a MS. copy in the library of Caius and Gonville college in Cambridge.

Queen Elizabeth being told that Dr. Pilkinton had given 10,000*l.* in marriage with his daughter, was highly offended, that a prelate's daughter should dare to have a portion equal to that of a Princess, and therefore she took away from the Bishoprick of Durham 1000*l.* a year, and gave it to the garrison of Berwick, for their better maintenance.

Of the above-named family of Nevil, it hath been observed, that there were six Earls of Westmoreland. Two Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. An Earl of Kent. A Marquis of Montague. A Duke of Bedford, Baron Ferrars of Ously. Barons of Latimer, and Barons of Abergavenny. One Queen. Five Duchesses. Not to mention Countesses, Baronesses, and a numerous race of nobles. Of this family also was George Nevil, Archbishop of York, famous for the prodigious feast which he made at his installation about the year 1470. In the bill of fare are 4000 woodcocks, 4000 cold venison pasties, 8 seals, and 4 porpoises. About seven years after, he made another feast for Edward IV. who seized on all his estate, and sent him over a prisoner to Calais, in France, where he was kept bound in extreme poverty.

An ancestor of the Nevils was named Hugh, who attended Richard I. into the holy war, and was one of his great favourites. This Hugh Nevil slew a lion in the holy land, first driving an arrow into his breast, and then running him through with a sword. This verse was made upon him :

Viribus Hugonis, vires periere Leonis.

The strength of Hugh
A lion slew.

He was buried about the year 1220, under a marble monument in the church of Waltham-Abbey in Essex.

Amongst the Normans, who came into England with William the Conqueror, we find the name of Nevil, in a roll of Battel Abby.

After the account given of the felicity of the first Earl of Westmoreland, I shall entertain the reader, with a short history, not less extraordinary, of a Countess of Shrewsbury, a beautiful, wise, and most fortunate Lady, Elizabeth, daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, in Derbyshire, Esq.; by the death of her brother a co-heiress. Before she was fourteen years of age, she married Robert Barley, in Derbyshire, Esq. a young gentleman of a large estate, all which he settled upon her, on their marriage. By his death, she continued a widow twelve years, and then married William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, Esq. by whom she had,—1. Henry, who was possessed of considerable estates in Derbyshire, but settled at Tutbury, in Staffordshire. 2. William, the first Earl of Devonshire. 3. Charles, who was settled at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, father of William, Duke of Newcastle; and three daughters,—1. Frances, who married Sir Henry Pierpoint, of Holm-Pierpoint, in Nottinghamshire, from whom the Dukes of Kingston are descended. 2. Elizabeth, who married Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, younger brother to the father of King James I. by whom she was the mother of that incomparable lady, Arabella, so nearly related to the crown, that she was sacrificed in the Tower. 3. Mary. After the death of Sir William Cavendish, which happened, A. 1557, this lady rejected many offers, and then married Sir William St Lowe, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, who had a large estate in Gloucestershire, which in the marriage-articles she took care should be settled on her, and her own heirs, in default of issue. And accordingly, having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding as well his brothers, who were heirs-male, as his own female issue by a former lady. In this third widowhood, the charms of her wit and beauty captivated the greatest subject in the kingdom, George Talbot,

Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to terms of the highest honour and advantage to herself and her children. For he not only gave her a large jointure, but also consented to an union of their families, by taking Mary her youngest daughter, to be the wife of Gilbert his second son, and afterwards his heir, and also by giving the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter, to Henry her eldest son. A. 1590, she was a fourth time left, and continued to her death a widow.

Here was a change of conditions that never fell before to any one woman. She was four times a happy wife. She rose by each husband, into greater wealth and honours. She had an unanimous issue by one husband only. All her six children, by her advice, were highly disposed of in marriage; and after all, she lived seventeen years a widow, in absolute power and abundance.

This lady built three of the most elegant seats that ever were raised by one hand, in one county, Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes. She was seventeen years keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. She died A. 1607, aged about fourscore and seven years, and was buried in Allhallows church in Derby, under a fair tomb, which she had erected in her own lifetime, and whereon a remarkable Latin epitaph was afterwards inscribed.

St. Austin, Magnus Opinator, a maintainer of strange doctrines, says, "Successus humanæ felicitatis æternæ damnationis indicium est;" The success of human felicity is the sign of eternal damnation. With this opinion of the holy father, the poor, the miserable, and the afflicted, will try to comfort themselves, when they survey the worldly prosperity of the great.

62. Habergeon. The diminutive of *Haubert*, (French) a little coat of mail.

72. Gisarings. *Halberts*. Derived from the French *Guisarme*, a kind of offensive long-handled, and long-headed weapon; or as the Spanish *Visarma*, a staff that hath within it two long pikes, which with a shoot or thrust forward, come forth.

An ancient statute of William King of Scotland, "de Venientibus ad Guerram," ch. 23, saith, "Et qui minus habet

quam quadraginta solidos terræ, habeat *Gysarum* quod dicitur *band-bill*, arcum et sagittam." And a statute of Edward I. "Et que miens a de quarante sols de terre, soit jure a Fauchions, *Gisarmes*, &c."

Every knight

Twa javelins, spears, or than *Gisarm* staves.

Gav. Douglass.

Ducange, in his Glossary, renders this word by *securis*, and derives it from the *Gesum* of the Gauls.

75. Could take, an idiom or phrase for *took*. N.

79. In, for *into*. N.

80. Loons. *Rascals*. N.

83. Gascoign. Sir William Gascoign, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, committed the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. to prison, for insulting and, as it is said, for striking him on the Bench. See Shakespear, 2d Part of Hen. IV.

He died, Dec. 17, 1413, and lies buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His monument is still to be seen, on which is his effigy at length, in his judge's robes, with his hood on, and a large purse fastened to his girdle on his left side, and a long dagger on the right, near which is represented one of his wives.

86. Road; *i. e.* inroad. The word *raid* is now used in Scotland in that sense.

121. Portals perhaps mean portcullices.

Cannon were at first made of iron bars, soldered together, and encompassed with hoops. One of this kind, called *Mons-meg*, capable of holding within it two persons, was lately carried from Edinburgh-castle to London. They were also made occasionally of leather, lined with plates of brass. Brass cannon were first founded by one Owen an Englishman. The cannon originally were very large; the gun-powder in use at that time being weak. A French historian, who died about the year 1402, says, that they were fifty feet long. The size of them was greatly lessened, after the art of making strong gun-powder was found out.

There is in Norham an iron ball of sixty pound weight, which was dug out of the ground at Sandy-bank, probably left there by the English army, in their way from Barmoor-wood to Twisel-bridge.

With regard to muskets; Brantome says, that the Spanish foot soldiers were the first who were armed with them, and that they were the best infantry in Europe.

Muskets were then called *band-cannon*. The Duke of Orleans had many of them in his army, A. 1411. At the siege of Arras, A. 1414, the besieged killed a great number of men with leaden musket-shot. It is said that the first time that muskets were used in Britain was at the siege of Berwick, A. 1521.

125. Busked, *dressed*. N.

127. Lave, *the rest*; *crowd*. N.

127. William, Archbishop of St Andrew's, was natural son of James IV. by Margaret daughter of Archibald Boyd, of Bonshaw, and born 1495. He was well educated by his father, who sent him abroad, attended with a travelling governor. Vid. Epist. Jac. IV.

He was a most accomplished youth, handsome, tall, and genteel, endued with excellent parts, great sweetness of temper, virtue, prudence, liberality. He was skilled in the civil law, Latin, Greek, and music. The elegant pen of Erasmus, who was one of his preceptors at Sienna in Italy, has set his incomparable character in such an amiable light, that the reader will be pleased with the sight of it here.

Cæsus est una cū fortissimo patre filius, et filius eo patre dignissimus, Gulielmus Archiepiscopus, titulo Divi Andreæ, juvenis quidem viginti ferme natus annos, sed in quo nullum consummati viri laudem desiderares. Mira formæ gratia, mira dignitas, heroica proceritas, ingenium placidissimum quidem illud, sed tamen ad cognitionem omnium disciplinarum acerrimum. Nam mihi fuit cum eo quondam in urbe Senensi domestica consuetudo, quo tempore a nobis in rhetorum præceptis, Græcanicisque literis exercebatur. Deum Immortalem? quam velox, quam felix, quam

ad quodvis sequax ingenium, quam multa simul complecti poterat. Eodem tempore discebat jureconsultorum literas, nec eas admodum gratas, ob admixtam barbariem, et odiosam interpretum verborum. Audiebat dicendi præcepta, et præscripto themate declamabat, pariter et calamum exercens et linguam. Discebat Græcè, et quotidie quod traditum fuerat, stato reddebat tempore. Horis pomeridianis, musicis operam dabat, monochordiis, tibiis, testudini. Modulabatur et voce nonnunquam. Ne ipsum quidem convivii tempus studiorum vacabat fructu. Sacrificus perpetuo salutarem aliquem librum recitabat, puta decreta pontificum, aut Divum Hieronymum aut Ambrosium. Nec unquam recitantis vox interrompebatur, nisi si quid alteruter doctorum, inter quos medius accumbebat, admonuisset, aut ipse parum assequens, quod legebatur, sciscitatus esset aliquid. Rursum a convivio fabulæ, sed breves, et hæ quoque literis conditæ. Proinde nulla omnino pars vacabat studio, nisi quæ rei Divinæ, somnoque daretur. Nam etiamsi quid superfuisset temporis, quod tam variis studiorum vicibus non suppetebat, tamen si quid forte supererat, id Historicorum lectioni dabat. Nam hac cognitione præcipue capiebatur. His itaque rebus factum est, ut adolescentulus, vix dum decimum octavum egressus annum, tantum in omni literarum genere consecutus fuerit, quantum in quovis viro jure mirearis. Nec illud in hoc usu venit, quod fere solet in aliis, ut ad literas felix, ad bonos mores minus esset appositus. Verecundi mores erant, sic tamen ut miram agnosceres prudentiam. Animus sublimis, et a sordidis istis affectibus procul semotus, sed ita, ut nihil adesset ferocitatis, nihil fastidii. Nihil non sentiebat, permulta dissimulabat, nec unquam ad iracundiam poterat incitari. Tanta erat naturæ lenitas, animique moderatio. Salibus impendio delectabatur, sed eruditis, ac minime dentatis. Hoc est non nigro Momi, sed candido Mercurii sale tinctis. Si quid turbæ domi natum fuisset, inter famulos, mirum quanta dexteritate quantoque candore solitus sit componere. Denique religionis erat et pietatis plurimum, superstitionis nihil. In summa nemo fuit dignior qui ex Rege, et ex illo Rege nasceretur. Utinam autem in parentem

pietas quam fult admirabilis, tam fuisset et felix. Comitatus est in bellum, ne usquam patri deesset. Quæso quid tibi cum Mavorte, omnium poeticorum Deorum stupidissimo, qui Musis, imo qui Christo eras initiatus? Quid isti formæ, quid isti ætati, quid naturæ tam miti, quid ingenio tam candido, cum taratantaris, bombardis, et ferro? Denique quid erudito cum acie, quid Episcopo cum armis? Imposuit nimirum tibi immodica quædam in parentem pietas, dumque nimium fortiter amas patrem, infeliciter cum patre cæsus occubuisti. Tot naturæ dotes, tot virtutes, tot eximias spes, unica pugnæ procella absorbit. Perit etstrarum rerum nonnihil. Nempe quod in erudiendo te sumpsimus operæ, quodque mea partum industria mihi in te vindico. At quantus felicitatis cumulus, nisi genius aliquis malus regem huc impulisset, ut regni sui limites egressus, in alienis agris cum ferocissima gente Martem experiri vellet.

By a dispensation from the Pope, the King created him Archbishop of St. Andrew's, 1509, and he made him his Chancellor, 1511. He was also made the Pope's Legate a Latere.

It was not unusual, in ancient times, for the dignitaries of the church to attend their King in the wars. They were bound to do it by the Feudal law. They held the temporalities of their benefices of the King, as barons, by the tenure of military service. It appears from many grants to the clergy, that, according to the establishment of the church of Scotland, the clerical and military character were not inconsistent.

Edward III. 1368, ordered all the clergy to take up arms.

131. Shored cross, *i. e. propped*. Upon one of the Scotch flags is painted St. Andrew's Cross, with the saint standing behind it, supporting the upper part of the cross with his hands.

Ibid. Trimon of Quhytehorn, read *Ninian of Qubyteborn*.

Many pilgrims resorted on the 16th day of September to the sepulchre of St. Ninian in the church of Whithorn.

The Queen of James III. undertook this pilgrimage, A. 1474. The following article is in the accounts of the Treasurer of Scotland. Item, to Andrew Balfour, 20th August, 1474, for livery-

gowns to six ladies of the Queen's chamber, at her passing to Quhytehorn, 21 ells of gray, fra David Gill, price 10l. 10s. Scots.

The historian, Hawthornden, says, that James IV. upon his Queen being dangerously ill in childbed, 1507, went a pilgrimage on foot to St. Ninian's, at Whithorn, in Galloway. In this journey he fell in love with Lady Jean Kennedy, a daughter of the Earl of Cassils; and he confined the Earl of Angus, for some time, to the island of Arran, for carrying her away. At Whithorn, which was a Bishop's see, there was a priory founded before the year 1126, by Fergus, Lord of Galloway.

Ibid. Doffin Demigod, &c. read *Duthack*, Demigod of Ross. He was a Bishop, and a Confessor, and lived at Tayne, in Rosshire. In the old breviary of Aberdeen, there is an office and legend of this saint, which enumerates the miracles wrought by him; and mentions particularly that of his augmenting the quantity of victuals.

There is a church dedicated to him, to which there was a great resort of pilgrims on his feast-day, March 8, often spoken of by the Scotch historians.

A. 1507. King James made many progresses through Scotland, holding courts, redressing grievances, punishing offenders; so that the country became so peaceable, that he ventured to ride, without any attendant, 130 miles, August 30, in one day, from Stirling, by Perth, and Aberdeen to Elgin, where he lay all night, without going to bed, upon a bare table, at the house of Thomas Lesly, parson of Elgin. He rose early the next morning, and rode 40 miles to St. Duthack's, in Ross, and was there time enough to hear mass, and receive the sacrament, and to visit the saint's shrine. August 31st, according to Holinshed, was that saint's festival-day. In the Edinburgh almanack, March the 8th, is St. Duthack's feast; but possibly, like St. Cuthbert, he might have had two feasts in the year. As the reader will not think this a matter of great consequence, we will enquire no farther about it.

This King made other pilgrimages to holy places, if not alone, at least on foot.

132. William Bunch, Abbot of Kilwinning. Lawrence Oliphant, Abbot of Incheffray.

The reader will observe, in abundance of places, how industriously the Poet brings into his verses, words which begin with the same letter, and here in this stanza, the frequent recurrence of the letter B.

It is not easy to find out, nor is it worth while to inquire, at what time alliterative verses were first used. The Germans, or Goths, do not seem entitled to the honour of inventing them. Camerarius cites the following very old verse,—

Fraxinu' fixa ferox infesta infunditur ossis.

We read in Plautus,

Optumo optume optumam operam das.

Amphit.

Nemo solus satis sapit.

Mil. Glor.

Optatianus Porphyrius wrote an epistle to the Emperor Constantine in alliterative metre, A. D. 326, which several poets of the middle age imitated.

These alliterations fell into disuse in England, in the 16th century, so that we may reasonably conclude that this poem was not written later than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Vide Stanza 3. See Dr. Percy's learned Essay on Alliterative Metre, Rel. of Anc. Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 268.

If we consider the very great difficulty of writing in this kind of metre, and at the same time in alternate rhyme, we shall find more harmony, and fewer improper, and unmeaning words, in this Poem than we could have expected.

We are told, that before Walker's time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all; that their poetry was made up of monosyllables, that it was downright prose, tagged with rhymes; that the verses ran all into one another, and hung together, like the hooked atoms of Des Cartes,—having no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; and that, if we are somewhat

dubious in this matter, we may read Dr. Donne, who will fully convince us of the truth of this assertion. We may easily grant that his lines are harsh, and untuneable ;

—— a kind of hobbling prose,
That limps along, and tinkles in the close. Dryden.

But it is certainly ascribing too much to Waller, to say, that he removed all these faults, that he was the father of English verse, that he was the first that shewed us that our tongue had beauty, and numbers in it. For a great many copies of verses might be produced, written before Donne's time, little, if at all inferior in smoothness, to those which were made by Waller. Waller himself owned, that he was indebted, for the harmony of his numbers, to Fairfax, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated his translation of Tasso.

I shall here divert the reader with a little Poem, printed about 200 years ago, by one Gifford, a servant to Edward Cope, of Edon, Esq. the measure and rhymes of which are so smooth and musical, that they may be very well tolerated by modern ears.

SOMETIME in France a woman dwelt,
Whose husband being dead,
Within a yeere, or somewhat more,
An other did her wed.

This good wife had of wealth great store,
Yet was her wit but thin :
To shew what hadde to her befell,
My muse doth now begin.

It chaunced that a scholler poore,
Attirde in course arraye,
To see his friends, that dwelt farre thence,
From Paris tooke his way.

The garments were all rent and torne,
Wherwith this wight was clad;
And in his purse, to serve his neede,
Not one deneere he had.

He was constrainde to crave the alms
Of those, which oft would give,
His needy and his poore estate
With something to relieve.

This scholler, on a frostie morn,
By chaunce came to the doore
Of this old silly woman's house,
Of whome wee spake before.

The husband then was not at home:
Hee craveth of the dame,
Who had him in, and gave him meate,
And askt from whence hee came.

I came, quoth hee, from Paris' towne;
From Paradise? quoth she;
Men call that Paradise, the place,
Where all good soules shal bee.

Cham zure my vurst goodman is dere,
Which died this other yeere;
Should geve my friend a good gray groate,
Some news of him to heare.

Hee saw, she did mistake his wordes,
And thought to make some glee,
And said, your husband is in health,
I lately did him see.

Now, by my troth, quoth shee, cham glad;
Good scholler, doe declare,
Was not he wroth, because I sent
Him from this world so bare.

In deede, quoth he, he was disppleas'd,
And thought it farre unmeete,
You having all, to send him hence
With nothing but a sheete.

Quoth shee, good scholler, let me know
When thou return'st agayne.
He answer'd, Dame, I will be there
Within this weeke, or twayne.

Shee sayde, my friend, if that Iche durst
Presume to be so bolde,
Chould pray thee carrie him some clothes
To keepe him from the colde.

He said; he woulde. With all poste haste
Into the towne shee hies;
Hat, doublet, shert, coate, hose, and shoes,
Shee there for husband buyes.

Shee praying him, in earnest sorte,
Them safely to convey,
Did geve him money in his purse:
And so he went his way.

Not halfe of halfe an howre was past,
Ere husband hers was come.
What newes shee heard from Paradise
Shee told him all and some.

And farther, did to him declare,
What tokens she had sent :
Whereat her husband waxed wroth,
And wond'rous ill content ;

He calde her sotte, and doating foole ;
And after him doth ride.
The scholler was within a hedge,
And him afarre espide.

He was afrayde, and downe doth fling
His fardell in a dike.
The man came neere, and askt him newes
Of one whom he did seeke,

That bare a fardell at his backe ;
The scholler musde a while,
Then answering, said, such one I saw
Passe over yonder stile.

With hasty speede he down alightes
And doth the scholler pray,
Till he the man had overtane,
So long the horse to stay.

Untill he passed out of sight,
Full still the scholler bides ;
Who taking then his fardell on
His horse, away he rides.

When he returned, and saw himselfe
By scholler flouted so,
Yourselves may judge, what cheere he made,
If he were wroth or no.

He sware, I think, an hundred oathes,
 At length *per mundum* toots,
 For that he had no shoes to weare
 He marcht home in his bootes.

His wife did meete him at the doore,
 Hayee cought man? quoth shee;
 No, Dame, he sayde, he caught my horse,
 The Divel take him and thee.

With that she laught, and clapt her hands,
 And sayde, cham glad, ich sweare;
 For now he hath a horse to ride,
 He will be quickly there.

When that her husband well had wayde,
 That remedy there was none,
 He takes his fortune in good parte
 And makes no farther mone.

Now whether that this honest wife,
 Did love her first goodman,
 To such as shall peruse this tale,
 The case I leave to scan.

132. Beagle-rods. Should be *Bugle-rods*, viz. the crosiers, or pastoral staves of Bishops, the heads of which are crooked like bugle, or hunting horns.

144. Piles. In Lancashire, there is an old fort, called the Pile of Fouldery. Peel, as it is called in Scotland, is a small castle, Bastillon, or Bastle; in French, Bicocque, which Cotgrave calls a little paltry town, hold, or fort, not strong enough to hold out a siege, nor so weak as to be given up for words.

Thus John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who lived, A. 1329, in his life and acts of Rob. Bruce,

And at Lithgow was then a Peel,
Meikle, and stark, and stuffed weel.

A small ruin, near Hawick, is now called Alan Haugh Peel, and one at Fouldon-mill, is called the Bastle.

A. 1482, above thirty towns, with their Bastles, were destroyed upon the Scotch border. Hall.

145. It is apparent from history, that the wars between the English and Scotch were carried on with equal cruelty on both sides, so that they have no room to reproach each other on this subject.

General invectives, thrown out upon a whole nation, are odious and mean. They never served any good purpose. Though they are for the most part false, yet they produce mischievous effects: For the ignorant, who make the bulk of a people, believing every thing that they read in print, are deceived by them, and excited unjustly to hate and injure those with whom their own safety, interest, and ease, require that they should live in friendship and peace.

It is true, that men of sense despise those undistinguishing scurrilities, and consider them as empty declamation, and always have a bad opinion of the honesty, capacity, or fidelity of a writer, who allows himself such rancorous liberties.

147. A. D. 1121, Ralph Flamberg, Bishop of Durham, built Norham Castle on the top of a steep rock, and moated it round. He finished also the present cathedral church of Durham, which was begun by his predecessor, William de Sancto Carilepho, A. 1080, who died A. 1097. Flamberg also built Framwelgate-bridge, in Durham. He sate 29 years, and died A. 1128.

The Keep or Tower of Norham was destroyed by the Scots, and afterwards rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, by the command of his cousin, King Stephen. He was Bishop 42 years, and died A. 1195.

King Richard I. purposing to make an expedition into the Holy Land, raised money in all parts of his kingdom. Amongst other things, he sold to Hugh Pudsey the Earldom of Northumberland,

merrily laughing when he invested him, and saying, "Am not I cunning and my craftsman, that can make a young Earl of an old Bishop?" But this prelate was fit to be an Earl, for the world, as one of the age said of him, was not *crucifixus* to him, but *infixus* in him. Lib. Dunelm.

What the state of the castle was, in Queen Elizabeth's time, we learn from Camden, who says,—“In the utmost wall, and largest in circuit of the castle, are placed several turrets, on a canton, towards the river Tweed, within which there is a second inclosure, much stronger than the former, and in the middle of that again, rises a high keep, or tower. Under the castle, on a level westward, lies the town of Norham, anciently called by the Saxons Ubban-ford, the upper ford, belonging to the Bishop of Durham. When the Danes had miserably wasted the Holy Island, wherein St. Cuthbert lay buried, some endeavoured to convey his body beyond sea, but the winds standing contrary, they, with all due reverence, deposited the sacred body at Ubban-ford, near the river Tweed; where it lay for many years, till the coming of King Ethelred. Vide William de Malmesbury de Gest. Pontif. Lib. i. This and other matters were taught me by George Carleton, born at this place, son to the keeper of Norham Castle. The old people told us that at Killey (Kylo), a little neighbouring village below Norham, were found, within the memory of our grandfathers, the studs of a knight's bell, and the hilt of a sword of massy gold, which were presented to Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham.”—Camden's Britannia.

George Carleton was maintained at school, and at Oxford, by Bern. Gilpin, rector of Houghton, near Durham, styled the Northern Apostle, whose life he wrote with this title. Vita Bernardi Gilpini, viri sanctissimi, famaue apud Anglos Aquilonares celeberrimi. Carleton died Bishop of Chichester, A. 1628, aged 69 years.

Mr. Gilpin, by his œconomy, lived in such a charitable and hospitable manner, that it was the admiration of the whole country, how he was able to expend so much money as he did, from a living

of the value of 400*l.* a year. He consumed in his family, every fortnight, forty bushels of corn, twenty bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionable quantity of other kinds of provision. It was said, at that time, that if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to Mr. Gilpin. It hath been remarked, that his example hath extended its influence upon the Rectors of Houghton, and that few parishes can boast such a succession of worthy pastors, as have been there since the death of Mr. Gilpin. This observation is verified unto this day. Hospitality and beneficence still continue to reside in the house of the present worthy rector.

Egred, of noble birth, was consecrated Bishop of Holy Island, A. 831. He dedicated the church of Norham to the saints, Peter, Cuthbert, and Ceolwolph, which he built, together with the town, and gave them both to the see of Holy Island. He gave to it also the town of Jedburgh, in Tiviotdale, with its appendages, and the church and town of Gainforth, and whatever belonged to it from the river Teise to the river Weor. These two towns and church the Bishop built. Symeon Dunelmens.

King Ceolwolph, to whom Bede dedicated his Ecclesiastical History, was a learned man. He was descended from Ida, the first King of Northumberland. The former part of his reign was very troublesome. Afterwards, in time of peace, many Northumbrian nobles, and private men, with their King Ceolwolph, turned monks. In the tenth year of his reign, A. 738, he quitted his crown for a cowl, and entered the monastery of the Holy Island, whither he carried his treasure, leaving his kingdom to Eadbert, his uncle's son. He endowed the monastery, with the towns of Braynshaugh, Warkworth, and the church which he built there, and also four other villages, Wudecestre, Whittingham, Edlingham, and Eglingham, with their appendages. After a long life he was buried in the monastery. The abovementioned Bishop Egred took up his body and deposited it in the church of Norham. His head was afterwards carried to the Abbey of Durham. Symeon Dunelmens. Hoveden.

The monks of the cell of Norham, in the following age, called

in the country to make their offerings at the shrine of their royal brother, who always performed some mighty miracle on his feast day, to the great astonishment and edification of his numerous worshippers.

Out of the foundation of this cell, belonging to Holy Island, I dug a stone on which were cut the effigies of the three patrons of Norham church,—St. Peter with his keys, St. Cuthbert, and St. Ceolwolph, with a sceptre in his hand. Each of these saints hath his head covered with a monk's cowl, or hood.

Cells were houses that belonged to all great abbeys, or monasteries. Sometimes they were so far distant from one another, that the mother abbey was in England, and the child cell beyond the seas, and so reciprocally. Some of these were richly endowed, as that of Wyndham, in Norfolk, which was annexed to St. Alban's, and was able at the dissolution to expend of its own revenues, 72l. per annum. Into these cells, the monks of the abbies sent colonies, when they were too much crowded, or when they were afraid of an infectious disease at home.

Aidan, the founder of the monastery of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, confined the monks to drink only milk and water. But the royal monk, Ceolwolph, finding his abode somewhat cool, in an island, unsheltered by either tree or bush, from the nipping sea-blasts, permitted his brethren, as Hoveden says, to drink both wine and ale.

This local privilege, granted at first for reasons irresistible, began now to extend itself to all the English monasteries. Luxury kept pace with their increasing wealth. In length of time, they became possessed of a third part of the lands of England, when Pride, Magnificence, and Licentiousness, with all their train, entered their sacred walls, and hastened their dissolution, which was effected, A. 1534, by Henry VIII. of whom I shall communicate to you the following true story :

“ When this King was hunting in Windsor Forest one day, he lost himself, probably on purpose; upon which he struck down, about dinner time, to Reading, where he disguised himself in the

habit of a yeoman of the King's guard; for one of whom, by his stature and figure he might very well pass. He went to the Abbey, and was invited to dine at the Abbot's table. A Sir Loin of beef was set before him, so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry; on which his Majesty laid on lustily, not disgracing the coat of a King's beef-eater, for whom he was taken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the Abbot, 'and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his Grace, your master; I would give an hundred pounds, upon the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit, or chicken.' The King merrily pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good cheer, after dinner, departed, undiscovered.

"Some weeks after, the Abbot was sent for by a King's messenger, brought up to London, clapped into the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for several days with bread and water.

"The Abbot's mind was sorely disquieted with thoughts and suspicions, how he might have incurred the King's displeasure. At last the day came, on which a Sir Loin of beef was set before him, on which the Abbot fed, like the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In bolts King Henry, out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the Abbot's behaviour. 'My Lord,' quoth the King, 'lay down immediately your hundred pounds in gold, or else there shall be no going hence for you all the days of your life. I have been your physician. I have cured you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my reward for the same.'

"The Abbot, glad to escape so, deposited the cash, and returned to Reading, murmuring at the severity of the doctor's regimen, and the exorbitance of his fees."

The monasteries, at that time, had a prodigious number of very valuable manuscripts. It was said, that there were more in England than in any country in the world of its bigness. When the abbies were sold by Henry VIII. the purchasers of them destroyed

and wasted them all. Many an old MS. bible was cut in pieces to cover pamphlets. The following is the lamentation and complaint of John Bale to King Edward VI. A. 1549.

“ A number of those persons, who bought the monasteries, reserved of the library books thereof, some to serve their jakes; some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. Even the ~~the~~ ^{the} Universities of this realm were not all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchant-man, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price. The stuff thereof he hath occupied, instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities.”

I have heard, that the fine collection of manuscripts, belonging to the cathedral church of Durham, was saved by being concealed within one of the pillars of the church.

Dr. Dee presented a supplication, now in the Cotton library, to Queen Mary, A. 1556, for the recovery and preservation of ancient writers and monuments: but there was no attention given to it. However, we learn from it, that Tully's work, *De Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and perished at Canterbury.

Cardinal Pole told Ascham, that he had been informed, that this work of Cicero was in Poland, and that he had sent a man on purpose thither, at the expense of a thousand golden crowns, about 900*l.* sterling, in search of it, but to no purpose. Ascham. Epist.

These six books *De Republica* were much esteemed at Rome. Cælius, in a letter to Cicero, says, *Tui politici libri omnibus vigent.*

The following extract, from the second book, will make an Englishman regret the loss of this treatise, the most valuable of all Cicero's works. *Statuo esse optime constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari confusa*

modica, nec puniendo irritat animum immanem ac ferum, nec omnia prætermittendo, licentia, cives deteriores reddat.

I determine that to be the best constituted state, the government of which is vested, with a moderate proportion of power allotted to a king, nobles, and commons ; which doth neither exasperate and harden the desperate and cruel mind by the severity of punishment, nor make the subjects licentious and vitious, by negligently overlooking all kind of offences. About the time that Henry suppressed the monasteries, he ordered a valuation to be taken of the bishoprick of Durham. Vide Appendix, No. I.

But it escaped the hands of the courtiers till the year 1552, 6 Edward VI. when it was dissolved by act of parliament, and given to the crown, in order to be bestowed upon Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. It was well for this see, that the lands of it were not dispersed by sale ; otherwise they would have been irrecoverable. Two years after this, Queen Mary restored Tunstal to his Bishoprick, who had been in prison, and deprived for his obstinacy by Edward VI. and also restored him to the temporalities thereof.

Durham-house, in Westminster, in St. Martin's parish, was demised, April 24, 5 Edward VI. to the Lady Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth possessed it during her life. There was a reversion granted of it, A. 4, of Queen Mary, to Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, and his successors. Teste Aug. 20. By virtue of this grant, it was recovered to the bishoprick again in King James the First's time, and was, by Bishop Cousins, granted on a building lease, with a reservation of 200*l.* per annum,—which outrent the Bishop of Durham now receives.

One chief end, proposed in this work, was to divert my mind, oppressed with the severe weight of a recent, complicated affliction, the death of an only son, and of an amiable and most affectionate wife. Her sincere, mild, and charitable disposition endeared her to her friends and the poor. The fortitude with which she underwent a most excruciating excision of a tumour in her breast, attended with a large effusion of blood, was the admiration

of all who knew her. The loss of her son, whilst a slow and painful illness consumed her, she supported with no less resolution. Unconcerned for her own condition, yet, at times, affected with the sense of the tender connections, from which she found herself going to be torn away in the strength of her years, she beheld the near approaches of death, with intrepidity and cheerfulness, which proceeded from the consciousness of her blameless life, and the settled hope of a happy immortality.

The humane reader will easily pardon me this insertion of a short character of an excellent woman, at a time when his ears must needs be wounded with the abundant ungenerous invectives, indiscriminately thrown upon the fair sex, occasioned by the offences of a few married women; the most of whom, perhaps, may have been chained to the objects of their aversion, or driven to desperate temerity by the tyranny or vices of their husbands.

Sostrata, in the Mother-in-law of Terence, translated from the Greek comic poet Apollodorus, thus complains:

*Ædepol nā nos sumus mulieres iniquæ æque omnes invisæ
viris*

*Propter paucas; quæ, omnes faciunt, dignæ ut videamur
malo.*

In good faith we poor wives have got a very ill name with our husbands, because of a few bad creatures, that make the world judge hardly of us all. Echard.

Upon this passage, Madame Dacier, to display her reading, hath written the following empty note:

“ Apollodorus took this sentiment from Homer, who makes the ghost of Agamemnon, who was murdered by his wife, say, that one wicked woman causes reproaches and disgrace to be thrown upon all women, even upon those who are the most virtuous and prudent.” Are all our opinions and common sense derived from the writings of the learned? Hath not the malignity, even of the ignorant vulgar, in every age, aspersed the whole fair sex, all professions and bodies of men? Pascal had the boldness to tell the

world, "that the Roman Catholics have saints of every vocation, except of that of the law, of which not one ever existed."

This assertion, we of this country can by no means credit. We happily behold, every day, as great a crowd of saints amongst our lawyers and attornies, as are to be found amongst our physicians, priests, farmers, or any other tribe of men.

Another motive of my various digressions from the proper subjects of these annotations is, the supposition that they will please and amuse the reader, I shall therefore now proceed in my way without any farther apology.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, the church suffered great injuries, principally caused by the strict attention of many avaricious bishops to the world.

Fletcher, father of the famous dramatic poet, obtained, A. 1589, the bishoprick of Bristol. He gave such exorbitant leases of the lands of it, that he left little to his successors, insomuch that, after his removal thence, it lay vacant ten years.

He was a favourite of the Queen. She once found fault with him for cutting his beard too short: whereas, good lady, she would have reproached him severely for cutting his bishoprick so short, if she had known it. He was Bishop of London in 1594, soon after which being a widower, he married a very handsome woman, the Lady Baker, of Kent. Queen Elizabeth, possessed of high ideas of the virtue of celibacy, abhorred the marriages of the clergy. She was so angry at this second marriage of the Bishop, that she forbade him to come into her presence, and made Archbishop Whitgift suspend him. He was afterwards restored to his bishoprick, and to some degree of the queen's favour; nevertheless this disgrace was said to have so affected him, that it hastened his death. He died suddenly in his chair, 1596, being to all appearance well, sick, and dead in a quarter of an hour. Camden, in his annals of Queen Elizabeth, imputes his death to the supposed poisonous qualities of tobacco, of which he was an immoderate taker. *Brief View of the Church.*

A. 1584, Godwyn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, infirm, broken

with the gout, unable to stand, about seventy years old, married a third wife, a widow. One of the voracious courtiers, a knight, coveting the manor of Banwell, belonging to the bishop, informed the queen of his marriage, and begged a lease of it for an hundred years. The bishop held out long against many sharp messages from the queen. Sir John Harrison, of Kelston, near Bath, who wrote a character of this bishop, carried one from the Earl of Leicester, who seemed to favour the bishop, and disliked the knight: but they were soon agreed, says Sir John, like Pilate and Herod, to condemn Christ. Never was harmless man so traduced to his sovereign. It was said, that he had married a girl of twenty years of age, with a great portion, that he had conveyed half the bishoprick to her, that he was gouty, and could not stand to his marriage; with such like scoffs, to make him ridiculous and odious to the queen.

The Earl of Bedford, being present when these tales were told to Queen Elizabeth, said to her, Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but this I know, that her son is near forty. This rather marred than mended the matter; for one replied, *Majus peccatum habet*, He hath therefore the greater sin. Another said, There were three sorts of marriages; 1st, Of God's making, as of Adam and Eve; when two young folks were coupled. The second of man's making; when one was old, and the other young, as Joseph's marriage. The third of the devil's making; when two old folks were married, not for comfort, but for covetousness, and such they said was this.

The conclusion of the whole was, that the poor old decayed prelate, to pacify his persecutors, was fain, to save Banwell, to part with Wilscomb, one of his best manors, for ninety-nine years, and thus he purchased his peace.

The son of this Dr. Godwyn was Bishop of Hereford. Notwithstanding the liberties which he hath taken with the characters of other bishops in his excellent book *De Præsulibus Angliæ*, he was himself a great Simonist. He omitted no opportunity in disposing of his preferments, in order to enrich his children,

Bishop Gibson says, his selling the chancellorship of Landaff was made a law-precedent. In short, it was reported, that nothing fell in his gift, but ~~he~~ sold in the favour of some one of his sons or daughters. This practice had been so notorious, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, that it was one great cause of her hatred of the marriages of bishops, and of their solicitude to raise families by the revenues of the church. No doubt this also prompted her to force the bishops to give her long leases of their episcopal lands, and to exchange their valuable manors for estates of much inferior value. As Mr. Collier says, they parted with precious metal, for base: Like Glaucus, in Homer, who gave to Diomedes a suit of armour of gold, for one of brass.

A. 1559, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, an act of parliament was made, which restrained the bishops from granting leases of their lands, unless for 21 years, or three lives, to any other than to the queen and her successors, reserving the old rents.

The exception to the queen was very disadvantageous to the church; but not so to the courtiers who abused her favour, nor to the covetous bishops.

This was expunged in the beginning of the reign of James I. in whose time many excellent acts passed the house of Parliament; in one of them is a clause which enacts that all assurances of bishop's lands to the crown shall be void. This happily saved the church from depredation.

It was not possible, whilst the court of Queen Elizabeth was so beset with ravenous harpies, that the rich see of Durham should continue unspoiled throughout her reign. Accordingly we find from the records of the patent-office, that the easy, timorous Bishop Barnes granted most extravagant leases to the queen of almost all the manors and estates belonging to the bishoprick. Vide Appendix, No. II.

156. The king, by the advice of this traitor, descended from Ladykirk Bank into the flat ground, near the Tweed, now called the Gin-Haugh, whence, with his cannon, he threw down the north-east corner of the castle wall, a large fragment of which

now lies by the side of the river. Bishop Tunstall, in Queen Elizabeth's time, rebuilt the wall; this is now very distinguishable from the old work.

164. Fee, *wages*; a common word in Scotland. *What fee do you get?* Vulg.

166. A field, near the castle, in which this traitor was hanged, is now called the Hangman's Land. This fact is not mentioned by the historians. By the account of it in the poem, we shall more readily understand the following epigram of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor in the time of Henry VIII.

In Regem Scotiæ, qui arcem Norhamam proditam sibi, tamen oppugnavit, dissimulans proditam esse.

Scote quid oppugnas Norhamam viribus Arcem
 Ante tibi falsâ proditione datam?
 Artibus ergo malis captâ fuit Arce voluptas
 Magna tibi forsan, sed brevis illa fuit
 Teque tuisque malâ, meritâ sed, morte peremptis,
 Arx intra est paucos, capta, recepta, dies.
 Proditor inque tuo peteret cum præmia regno
 Mors sceleri est merces reddita digna suo.
 Proditor ut pereat, pereat cui proditor hostis
 Inviçta in fati arx habet ista suis.

I take this to be the meaning of these two last verses, which are the most difficult.

It was fated to this invincible castle, that the betrayer of it should perish, and likewise the enemy, by whom this traitor was executed.

There is a tradition here, that the king was told where the castle wall was weakest, by a letter fixed to an arrow, shot over the Tweed into his camp.

171. St. Cuthbert, according to the monkish writers, was born of royal blood in Ireland; but others say, probably with more truth, in the north of England. He was nominated the sixth bishop of Holy Island, by King Egfrid. Overcome by many

prayers and entreaties, he quitted his hermitical life in a desert island, called Farne, situated in the German ocean, nine miles from Holy Island.

In this island breeds a species of a large kind of brown fowl, called St. Cuthbert's ducks, no where else to be found in Great-Britain. The feathers of them are very soft, and of great value. As soon as the young ducks are hatched, they run, with the old ones, into the sea, and never return back again; but whither they go is not known.

St. Cuthbert was consecrated at York, on Easter Sunday, A. 684, by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of King Egfrid, many nobles, and six bishops. He sate two years, when, growing weary of his bishoprick, he resigned it, and returned to his hermitage at the Farne Island, where soon after he died, on the 20th day of March, A. 686.

It hath been mentioned above, that St. Cuthbert was deposited at Norham. Whether he at last disliked his damp situation, for he was buried near a well, which now bears his name; or, whether being only seven miles from the sea, he began to fear another visit from his old foes the Danes, is not at present known: But this is certain, that he ordered his monks to carry him 20 miles up the Tweed, to Melross, in Scotland. In process of time he quarrelled with this place also; upon which, by his direction, they put him into a *stone boat*, in which he sailed down the Tweed, to Tilmouth, where he landed. We cannot find, after the most diligent inquiry, how long he abode there.

Not many years since, a farmer, of Cornhill, coveted the saint's stone boat, in order to keep pickled beef in it. Before this profane loon could convey it away, the saint came in the night time, and broke it in pieces, which now lie at St. Cuthbert's chapel, to please the curious, and confute the unbeliever.

The unlearned reader will readily believe the possibility of this fact, and the undermentioned classic authors will remove all scruples relating to it, from the learned one. Juvenal, sat. 15, says, that the Egyptians navigated the river Nile, in painted earthen

pots: Pliny, Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo say, that the inhabitants of the Isles of the Rea Sea, used tortoise shells for boats. These were not more proper for the purpose of sailing than the saint's stone-boat. Old Charon, who, as some tell us, was an Ægyptian ferryman, being much employed, found it necessary for him to make his boat of leather; and such, according to Lucan, were the boats of the old Britons; and it is said, that even to this day, these leathern boats are used upon the river Severn, and in some other places in Britain.

To proceed with St. Cuthbert. In short, he unreasonably oppressed the shoulders of the poor monks, who carried him thereon, from Tilmouth into Yorkshire, then to Chester, and thence to Durham, where, charmed with the exceedingly delightful situation thereof, he slept in peace, for many years.

Aldwin, the 23d Bishop of Holy Island, and the first of Durham, erected a stone structure there, with the help of Uthred, Earl of Northumberland, and of all the dwellers between the rivers Coquet and Tees, who were paid for their work, with the promises of immense rewards in another world. After their three year's incessant labour, the generous monks gave them St. Cuthbert's word for the payment of their heavenly wages, with which undeniable security they departed, well contented.

Aldwin's church was dedicated September 4, A. 999, and the corpse of the saint placed therein, 312 years after its first interment in Holy Island.

A hundred and five years after this sepulture, the body of St. Cuthbert was carried round the present cathedral church in a procession of monks, with a numerous train of attendants, and then deposited therein, in a fine sepulchre, September 4, A. 1104, in the time of Ralph Flambert, who preached a sermon upon this occasion.

The feast of this translation of St. Cuthbert's body, is celebrated, every year, in the county of Durham; and particularly, with great reverence, by the inhabitants of Norham, on the first Sunday and Monday after the 4th day of September, O. S.

The monks frequently exhibited the body of this saint, uncorrupted, fragrant, and flexible, to the comfort of many spectators of high and low rank. In this state of incorruption it remains to this day.

At the dissolution of the convents, the monks buried him in a private place of the abbey church, which none but three men know. When one of these is upon his death-bed, he imparts this invaluable secret to another faithful person.

Fabellam, moriens, illi dat habere tacendam.

It being a very important affair to those who expect that a day will come, when the adoration of this holy man will be revived.

I have heard from a Roman Catholick, that the saint's grave is in the church, not far from the clock.

Some few years before the reformation, a French bishop, returning out of Scotland, came to the shrine of Saint Cuthbert, where kneeling down, after his devotions, he offered a *bawbee*, a Scotch halfpenny, saying, Sancte Cuthberte, si sanctus sis, ora pro me. St. Cuthbert, if thou art a saint, pray for me. But afterwards, being brought to the tomb of Bede, he likewise said his prayers, offering there a French crown, with this alteration, Sancte Bede, quia sanctus es, ora pro me. St. Bede, because thou art a saint, pray for me.

Soon after the battle of Nevil's Cross, A. 1346, John Fosse, prior of Durham, made a new banner, and consecrated it to St. Cuthbert. The staff of it was five yards long, covered with pipes, surmounted with a cross,—under which was a rod, as thick as a man's finger, fastened by the middle to the staff. At each end of which was a wrought knob and a little bell. All these, except the staff, were of silver. The banner cloth of red velvet, fastened to the rod, was a yard broad, and one yard and a quarter deep: The bottom of it was indented in five parts; on both sides it was embroidered, and wrought with flowers of green silk and gold. In the midst of it was a square half yard of white velvet, whereon was a cross of red velvet, on both sides of the cloth. In it was

inclosed that holy relique, the corporax cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice, when he said mass. The banner-cloth was skirted with a fringe of red silk and gold; and at the bottom of it hung three silver bells.

We would be blame-worthy, if we should censure this prior for his expensive furniture of this banner; for history tells us, that of all the wares in which the monks traded, none yielded greater profit to them, than banners. The saints, to whom they were consecrated, delighting in their finery, defended them, and bestowed victory, upon the host in which they shone. The convents, to which they belonged, were, of course, magnificently rewarded, by the gratitude of the conquerors.

About 700 years ago, Edgar, Prince of Scotland, in his way thither, dreamt at Durham, that St. Cuthbert appearing to him, bade him take courage, and assured him, that if he carried his banner along with him, his enemies should fly before him, and he should sit upon the throne of his ancestors. Accordingly the next morning he obtained from the monastery the Saint's banner. In the mean time King Donald raised a huge army. As soon as the king's soldiers discovered the holy banner, glittering on the side of the prince, they deserted. The king fled, and was taken by the country-people, and brought to the prince, who put him into a prison, in which he died of grief. The prince ascribed his victory to the saint's banner: and as he could not do any less, he made a present of the manor of Coldingham, with its appendages, to the servants of the saint, the monks of Durham, and to Ranulph, Bishop thereof, he gave the town of Berwick.

Richard de Lucy, and his associate Humphrey de Bohun, took along with them the banner of King Edmund the Martyr, by whose assistance they overthrew the Earl of Leicester's army, near Bury. Henry II. the ensuing year, went a pilgrimage to Bury, and at the shrine of St. Edmund, made an acknowledgment of his protection, and decent returns to the abbot and monks of the convent.—The banners of St. Cuthbert, King James, and of many Scotch noblemen, were brought from Floddon, and set up in the

feretory of St. Cuthbert, in the cathedral of Durham, in which they remained till the abbey was suppressed by King Henry, when it, together with the exceedingly rich shrine of the saint, was plundered of its furniture, gold, and jewels. The visitors found one stone there of a sufficient value to redeem a prince.

King Richard I. gave to St. Cuthbert his parliament robe of blue velvet, embroidered with golden lions. Many other rich copes were also bestowed upon him, of which several remain at this time in the cathedral.

Catharine, a French woman, the wife of Whittingham, Dean of Durham, who died 1579, burnt the fine banner of St. Cuthbert. She also carried out of the Century Garth the blue marble stones, which covered the graves of the priors, and placed them in the threshold, pavements, and walls of a house which she was building in the Bailey, in Durham.

She had forgotten, that she was enabled to build houses, from the religious devices of the priors, and their monks, who had thereby endowed the deanery with that fine estate which her husband and she had enjoyed for several years.

188. Tide; *i. e. time*. Thus, Shrovetide; Whitsuntide.

191. Could fly. An old English idiom, for *did fly*, or *flew*.

202. Eyne; *Eyes*. N.

205. Cause rise, for *to rise*. N.

207. The poet cannot find a rhyme here to fly. With a little variation, he might have written this stanza thus;

Some said, the Scots would run away,
And powers daily would diminish;
Wherefore their council was to stay,
And thus the Earl they did admonish.

214. The Lothian knight. John Barton, who with his brothers, Robert and Andrew, received letters of mark from James IV. in order to revenge the death of their father Captain John, who was killed by the Portuguese, in the reign of James III.

215. A. 1513, Sir Edward Howard, admiral of a fleet of forty-

two men of war, was the first that boarded the French Admiral's ship in Conquest harbour, near Brest. He, being unknown, was pushed overboard with a spear, and drowned. Upon his death, the fleet returned to England, not having lost another man.

228. Guerdon (French); a *reward*.

246. Blin; *cease*. N.

253. Stint; *stop*. N.

254. Lord Talbot. The sword of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was found in the river of Dordon, and sold by a peasant to an armourer of Bourdeaux. It had this inscription upon it;

Sum Talboti, 1443. Pro vincere inimico meo.

255. Richard III. was killed A. 1485. He had for his device, a white boar, which gave occasion to the rhyme that cost the poet his life;

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog.

259. Dint. *Stroke; impression*. N.

260. Dight. *Dressed; prepared; to dight corn*. N.

266. Malcolm III. was killed, together with his son, at a place called Malcolm's well, near Alnwick, about the year 1092. As soon as his good and virtuous Queen, Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling, heard this news, she abstained from meat and drink, and died, within three days, of grief, at Edinborough castle.

267. Many of the nobles of Scotland, and 15,000 men, were slain in this battle, which was fought on St. Luke's day, A. 1346, in the time of Edward III. Part of Nevil's Cross, erected upon this occasion, is now standing.

268. In this battle, fought on Holy-rood-day, September 14th, 1402, were slain twenty-seven Scotch knights, and 10,000 men. Murdacke Earl of Fife, son to Robert Duke of Albany, governour of Scotland, Archibald Earl of Douglass, Thomas Earl of Murray, George Earl of Angus, and other nobles, were taken prisoners, in a

valley near Hamildon, by Henry Lord Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland, and George of Dunbar, Earl of March.

275. Wield; *command*.

278. In the following enumeration of the English officers, the name of the eminent John Winscomb, commonly called Jack of Newbury, is omitted, who marched to the Earl of Surrey, with one hundred of his own men, all armed and clothed at his sole expense. He was, in the reign of Henry VIII. the greatest clothier in England. He kept one hundred looms at work in his house, which was to be seen a century ago; but is now divided into several tenements. He built the church of Newbury, in Berkshire, which is a noble edifice, or rather the west part of it, from the pulpit, and also the tower.

283. Henry, Lord Clifford, of Clifford, whose father was slain on the day before the battle of Towton, was remarkably preserved, from the fury of the Duke of York, who would have killed him, upon account of the cruelties which his father had committed. He was concealed, and brought up as a shepherd in the mountains of Cumberland, for twenty-four years, having never learnt to read or write.

290. Stour; *i. e. dust in motion*. Metaphorically *battle*. N.

It were to be wished that some of the learned in Scotland would give the public a Scotch dictionary. Many Saxon, or old English words might be collected from the common people, who retain their language and customs for a long time.

Numerous are the French words and phrases, spoken by the Scots, ever since their ancient connection with the French. Such as *piquant*, *malheur*, *assiette*, *amery*, *fasheous*, *certes*. *Tite Live*. *Herodote*. In the nurse's lullaby song, *balow*, or *be balelow*, *i. e. be bas*, *la le loup*. Hush! there is the wolf.

We may find even here in the North, the traces of some words, left us by the Romans, who inhabited Northumberland for some hundreds of years. For example; when the shepherds call their dogs, it is usual with them to cry, *isca*, *isca*, which is evidently

an abbreviation of *Lycisca*, the name of the Roman shepherd's dog.

—— *multum latrante Lycisca.*

Virg. Eccl. III.

Vide Ovid Metam. III. Eugen. Toletan. Carm. 22.

The glancings of the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, which seem to represent the clashing of arms, in a military engagement, are here called by some, the *merry dancers*, but by others, more properly, the *Pyrrhy dancers*; which name is derived from the *Saltus Pyrrichius*, or dance in armour of the Romans, from which the *sword dance*, played by the Northumbrian youths, in their *white plow*, at Christmas, has its original. The month of December is here called *Hagmana*, derived from the Greek *Hagia mene*, The Holy Moon.

The remarks upon the above Latin words, *isca*, and *Saltus Pyrrichius*, I had from a particular friend, a learned and worthy gentleman in the parish of Norham.

I shall here give an inscription, I believe hitherto unprinted, upon a Roman altar.

Silvano invicto sacrum. C. Tetius Veturius Micianus Præf. Alæ Sebosi-næ, ob aprum eximiæ formæ captum, quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt.

Votum solvens, lubenter, posuit.

Sacred to the invincible Mars Silvanus, erected by C. T. V. Micianus, general of the Seb. auxiliary horse, upon the account of his taking a very large boar, which many of his predecessors could not destroy.

This altar was found, not long since, in a rivulet, in the bottom of a dean, in Weardale; probably near the place where this monstrous boar was killed.

To return to the above said dictionary. It would be the more necessary, at this time, as the English tongue is generally taught in the schools of Scotland, and perhaps will be universally spoken there. Why might not our poets, who strain hard to find words,

who for the sake of measure and rhyme, load their lines with useless ones, borrow some old English terms from the North? We have abundance of them, the sense of which must be expressed by several words, in modern English. The Scotch writers can vary their stile by such words as these,—*bent, cooser, mouse-mark, kemp, fend, coggle, gimmer, glamour, cleugh, yeld, stour, bye*, a Saxon word in Alfric's grammar, written 700 years ago, *gowpen, glen, loof*. The meaning of the three last can hardly be explained by a circumlocution.

The present Scotch is very little altered from the ancient English or Saxon language, which may be accounted for, from the migrations of the English into Scotland. A. 855, the Picts who lay in Northumberland, with the Saxons and Britons their auxiliaries, made an irruption into Scotland. Donald V. met them near Jedburgh, and put them to flight. The enemy being informed of the neglect of order in the Scotch army, the next night after the victory, at midnight, returned and attacked them unguarded, drunk, and asleep; and killed 20,000 of them, and took the king and his nobles prisoners. Donald, in order to recover his liberty, gave to the Picts all the country between Stirling and Clyde. The Saxons and Britons expelled the Picts, and drove the Scots into the Highlands; and at that time they settled themselves in the low country, and also their language and customs, most of which seem to be such as were in use before the Normans invaded England.

William the Conqueror wasted the northern counties, in so cruel a manner, that between York and Durham, for sixty miles together, there was not a single house left standing. The lands lay untilled for nine years; and so great a famine ensued, that the people died in heaps. King Malcolm kindly received numbers of them, who fled into Scotland, and there introduced their language and customs. Simeon, of Durham, says, that in his time, Scotland was so stocked with English men and maidens, that they were to be found in all the farm-houses, and even in the cottages. These spread the Saxon tongue quite through the country.

What perhaps will make the reader the most sensible of the

utility of a Scotch dictionary, is, that by the help of it, he will be the better able to understand the old English writers. To prove this, I shall mention a difficult place in the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, and afterwards several passages in our much-esteemed poet, Shakespeare, which have been misinterpreted, or altered by our learned southern criticks.

Relics of ancient English Poetry, 2d edition, p. 10.

Thorowe riche male, and myne-ye-ple,
Many sterne the stroke downe streght.

Monyple, a N. C. word. For the meaning of the word *sterne*, we may seek in vain in glossaries, but it may be had from a vulgar phrase here: For example,—*Have you a shilling in your pocket?* Answer; *sham a sterne*, *i. e.* not one. The sense then of this quotation will be thus,—They struck down straight many sterne, *i. e.* many a one, through rich coat of mail, and many folds.

Brooch, in Shakespeare. Buckles, set with stones, with which shirt bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped, in the North are called brooches.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, in his edition of Shakespeare, says, that a brooch is an ornament of gold, worn sometimes about the neck, and sometimes about the arm.

Shakespeare, Henry IV. act 4, scene 3. Eating draff and husks. Draff, in the North, is malt-grains, with which swine and cows are fed.

Draff. Wash for hogs. *Hanmer*.

Draff. Any thing thrown away. *Johnson's Dictionary*.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act 3, scene 9. Look how you drumble; *i. e. how confused you are*. The ale is drumbled. N. *i. e. disturbed, muddy*.

To drumble. To drone. To be sluggish. *Hanmer*.

Midsummer's Night's Dream, act 3, scene 2. I can gleek upon occasion; *i. e. I can deceive, or beguile*; in this sense, gleek is used in the North.

The reply made to Bottom by the Queen proves this to be the meaning of it, viz. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

To gleeke. To joke, or scoff. *Hanmer. Pope.*

A fool may utter rustic jokes or scoffs, but it requires some small share of art or wisdom to beguile or deceive.

To grime, in Shakespeare, is *to mark or spot with soot*; and this is the meaning of this word in the North.

Grime. Dirt, filth. *Hanmer.*

To grime. To dirt, to sully deeply. *Johnson's Dictionary.*

Love's Labour Lost, song at the end. 'While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.' *i. e. cool the pot.*

It is a common thing here, for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot *a wbeen*; *i. e.* a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then fill up the pot with cold water. The broth, thus taken out, is called the *keeling wbeen*. In this manner greasy Joan *keeled* the pot.

Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
And lumps of beef to swum abeen;
And ilka time, that I stir the pot,
He's hae frae me the *keeling wbeen*.

Old Song.

To keel, seems here to mean, to drink so deep, as to turn up the bottom of the pot, like turning up the keel of a ship. *Hanmer.*

Twelfth Night, act 1, scene 3. A kestrel is a stone-hawk, a well known bird.

A little kind of bastard hawk. *Hanmer.*

Merry Wives of Windsor, act 1, scene 3. Latten bilboe. Latten is a common word for tin in the North.

Latten, a factitious metal. *Hanmer.*

All's well that Ends well, act 4, scene 5. Men are to mell with; *i. e. to meddle with*; this is the meaning of this word in the North.

Mell; to mix, to mingle. *Hanmer.*

Paddock, in Shakespeare, is a frog, commonly so named in the N.

Hanmer says it is a *toad*.

Twelfth Night, act 2, scene 8. The *stangel* checks at it. The stangel is the common stone-hawk, which inhabits rocks and old buildings, in the North called *stanchil*.

A *stangel*, otherwise called a *ring-tail*, a kind of buzzard or kite. Hanmer.

Second Part of Henry IV. act 2, scene 10. Sweet knight, I kiss thy *nief*; *i. e.* thy fist. N. C.

Nief here is from *nativa*, *i. e.* a woman slave that is born in one's house. Pistol wanted to kiss Falstaff's domestick mistress, Doll Tearsheet. Pope, 1st edition.

Lear, act 4, scene 2. She that herself will *sliver*. Sliver is a common word in the North, and means to cut off a slice.

Mr. Pope altered it to *shiver*; and the monthly reviewers, March 1771, read *sever*; because, as they say, Shakespeare would certainly use the properest word.

Measure for Measure, act 1, scene 8. To teeming *foyson*. This French word *Foison*, is in common use in the North; it means *plenty, abundance, store, substance*.

Foison. Harvest. Pope.

Midsummer's Night's Dream, act 4, scene 2.

—— An idle *garwd*,

Which in my childhood I did doat upon.

A *garwd* is a child's toy. The children here call their playthings *gorwdys*, and their baby-house a *gorwdy-house*.

Gaude. A bauble. Pope.

Richard III. act 1, scene 4. *Out Devil! Out*, is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people in the North. It occurs again, act 4, scene 6. *Out on ye owls!*

Read—No, Devil! Dr. Warburton.

Coriolanus, act 4, scene 8. As is the osprey to the fish.

Shakespeare wrote *aspray*, and it is so named in the North. The oil of asprays is recommended to anglers. Mr. Theobald

hath altered this word to osprey. He and Sir Thomas Hanmer have given nonsensical notes upon it.

The *osprey* is the *sea-eagle*, of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the air, all the fish in the water underneath, turn up their bellies, and lie still, for him to seize which he pleases. The name in Pliny is *haliaetos*. Hanmer.

From Pliny, the transcriber here of Aristotle, we have nothing but fables.

He says, that the sea-eagle is generated from eagles, of a different species.

*Haliaeti suum genus non habent, sed ex diverso
Aquilarum coitu nascuntur.*

Osprey, a kind of eagle. *Ossifraga*. Pope.

The osprey is a rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck and blue legs. Its prey is fish. It is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed; on the banks of which river, one was shot a few years ago near Berwick.

An osprey built its nest, for time immemorial, in one particular tree, in Whinfield Park, in Westmoreland, till it was dislodged, by the cutting down of this, and of almost all the other trees in this park, not long since, by the noble owner thereof.

Antony and Cleopatra, act 4, scene 8. *But* being charged, &c. *But* here signifies *without*, in which sense it is often used in the North.

Boots but spurs. Vulg.

Sic nonsense! love tak root *but* tocher-good
Tween a herd's bairn and ane of gentle blood.

Gentle Shepherd.

Sir Thomas Hanmer hath altered the text, and the sense of it, without assigning any reason for so so doing. He reads the passage thus,—

Not being charged, we will be still by land, which as I take it, we shall not.

Coriolanus, act I, scene 2.

Menenius. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale it a little more.

To *scale* here, means, to open, or spread it a little more.

In the North, they say, *you scale the corn.* Vulg. *i. e.* scatter it.
Scale the muck well. Vulg. *i. e.* spread it.

All the editors of Shakespeare have been ignorant of the sense of this word. Mr Theobald, unable to loose the knot, cuts it — He expunges *scale*, and inserts into the text the word *state*, for which he gives a wise reason, viz. That he can find no sense in the common reading. Hanmer adopts Theobald's emendation. Dr. W. says, to scale it, signifies *to weigh, examine, and apply it.*

That Menenius uses this word *scale*, in the sense which I have given of it, and also very properly, is evident. For he largely dilates his tale. He makes it the subject of thirty-four lines.

A studious search would find many more instances of expressions, in Shakespeare, the sense of which is unknown to, or mistaken by the south-country English reader; but the citations, given above, are sufficient for my purpose.

As there is nothing which we are so forward to give as advice; the interpreters, and enraptured admirers of Shakespeare, must allow me to recommend to them a seven year's residence on the north side of the Tweed; in which time, if they are diligent, they may acquire a competent knowledge of the old English tongue.

Since the invention of printing, many commentators have adventured to alter the text of ancient books, and for their so doing, have alledged these two strange reasons, that, where they themselves do not understand a passage in an author, that passage is altogether unintelligible; and that good writers always chuse the properest words. Hence they practise upon them, as rash surgeons do upon their patients, who cut out, and lop off those parts, which skill and experience could have saved.

The following censure was passed upon Taneguy le Fevre, better known by the Latin name which he assumed of Tanaquillas Faber, father of Madame Dacier. This famous critick pretended to shew great defects in Livy, Terence, Aristotle, Horace, Tacitus, Eusebius, Eustathius, &c. and to prove, that they frequently did not understand the language in which they wrote; nor is he contented with correcting historians and poets, but he has even corrupted the Bible itself, in many places, changing the words, transposing the periods, and sometimes cutting off entire lines; all this he hath done, without bringing any proof for what he advances, except that, in his own opinion, the sense would be better and clearer.

Dr. Bentley, A. 1716, printed an account of an edition, which he intended to give of the New Testament, in Greek; and in 1721, he published proposals for printing it by subscription, together with the Latin version of S. Jerom. The opposition, which was made to this design, particularly by Dr. Middleton, forced this great critick to drop it. The Doctor published remarks upon the proposals, and prefixed to them the following motto, taken from an oration of Burman. Without doubt, Bentley's bold and innumerable corrections of Horace, and of other writers, unsupported by manuscripts, evinced the propriety of it. *Doctus criticus, et adsuetus urere, secare, inclementer omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, voces, dictiones confodere, et stylo exigere, continebitne ille ab integro et intaminato divinæ sapientiæ monumento crudeles ungues?*

The learned critick, accustomed to burn, to cut, to handle unmercifully all kind of books, to stab, and murder with his pen, points, syllables, words, sentences, will he withhold his cruel nails from the entire and uncontaminated monument of Divine wisdom?

Dr. Middleton tells us, that he wrote his pamphlet, not from resentment, but from a serious conviction, that Dr. Bentley wanted talents, and materials, for the work which he had undertaken.

How the Doctor proceeded in this employment, and what kind of abilities and materials he had for it, the reader may, in some degree, be enabled to judge, from a very curious letter in the Appendix, No. III. printed from a manuscript. Having no date or superscription, I do not certainly know to whom it was addressed.

The terminations of adjectives, in *some* and *ly*, were used indifferently in old times. *Lonely* and *lonesome* are still retained. In the North we say, *ugsome*, *livesome*, *lovesome*, and for loathsome, *loathbly*, a word in Shakespeare; this last is also pronounced *loadly* or *laidly*, as the *laidly-worm*. *Tb* is frequently changed into *d*; as, for *father*, we say *fader*; for girth, *gird*; for *Rothbury*, a town in Northumberland, *Rodbury*; for Lothian, *Loudon*.

The true name of Robin Hood was Robin Fitz-ooth. The addition of Fitz, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted, or dropped. The two last letters *tb* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people, Ood, or Hood. This famous outlaw and deer-stealer, who robbed the rich, and spared the poor, was a man of quality: grandson to Ralph Fitz-ooth, Earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of Battle Abby, amongst the Normans there. He came into England with William Rufus. Robin Hood's maternal grandfather, was Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln; his grandmother, was the Lady Roisia de Vere, sister to the Earl of Oxford, and Countess of Essex, from whom the town of Royston, where she was buried, takes its name. Robin Hood's father William, was under the guardianship of Robert Earl of Oxford, who, by the King's order, gave to him in marriage the third daughter of Lady Roisia.

Robin Hood bore in his coat-of-arms, Gules. Two bends engrailed, Or.

At Kirklees, in Yorkshire, the seat of the Armitage family, formerly a benedictine nunnery, Robin Hood lies buried under a grave-stone, which still remains there, near the park. The inscription upon it is not now legible. But Mr. Thoresby in his Ducat. Leod. gives us, from the papers of Dr. Gales, Dean of York, the following epitaph:—

Hear, undernead dis laitl stean,
 Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingtun.
 Nea arcir ver az hie sa geud:
 An pipl kauld im Robin Heud.
 Sick utlawz az hi, an iz men,
 Vil England nivr si agen.
 Obiit 24 Kal. Dekembris. 1247.

It appears, by the pedigree of Robin Hood, that he had some title to the Earldom of Huntingdon.

Before I end these rambling observations, I shall offer to the reader, a solution of a difficult passage in Homer's *Odyssey*, Lib. XIII. 102, and seq. Homer says, that, "at the head of a harbour in Ithaca was a long-leaved olive; and near to it a lovely cavern, sacred to the nymphs, who are called Naiades. Within, were cups, and pitchers of stone. The bees also make honey there. Within it also were very long stone-rolls; and there the nymphs weave robes of a sea-purple colour, wonderful to be seen. Within this cave also were ever-running waters. It had two gates, one towards the north, through which men passed, and another to the south, more divine, through which the Gods only went, being impervious to men."

Neither writers, ancient or modern, have given any satisfactory reason, why the gods enter this fairy-cave at the south, and men at the north door. The conjecture of Dr. Broome is improbable, and unsupported by any authority. Pope's *Odyssey*, l. XIII. v. 134.

Without doubt, the most certain way of finding out the sense of an obscure place in an author, is by comparing with it parallel places in his works. An excellent French critic observes, that, *cette voie d'interpreter un auteur, par lui meme, est plus sure que tous les commentaires.* This difficulty, I imagine, may be cleared up by this method.

Iliad, l. XX. v. 74, a Trojan river is called Xanthus by the gods, namely, by the Greeks, and Scamander by men, that is by the Phrygians. Xanthus is Greek for yellow. Another river in

Lycia is thus named by the Greeks from its yellow sand. Strabo, l. XIV.

Scamander was so called from Scamandrius, King of Phrygia. Strabo and Pausanius.

It was a common thing for the ancients to call rivers by the name of the princes through whose country they ran.

Diodorus Siculus and Zenophon testify, that the ancient name of the Nile, was *Ægyptus*. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, knows it by no other name; it was afterwards called *Nilus*, from Nileus King of *Ægypt*. The river *Adonis* was so named from *Adonis*, son of *Cynara*, King of the *Cyprians*. In all the places, where Homer mentions the language of the gods, and that of men, he means, by the first, the Greek tongue, and by the latter the Phrygian. The Phrygians spoke a different language from the Greeks, according to Strabo, l. XIII.

Homer's *Iliad*, l. XIV. v. 291, mentions a hawk, called *chalcis* by the gods, that is by the Greeks, because, as *Eustathius* says, in its colour it resembled brass, in Greek *chalchos*; and named by men, that is, in the Phrygian tongue, *Cymindis*, it being an inhabitant of Mount *Ida*, in *Troas*, otherwise called *Phrygia*.

Iliad II. v. 813. *Batieia*, being a mount in Phrygia, is so called by men, *i. e.* by the Phrygians; but by the gods, *i. e.* by the Greeks, the tomb of the swift-footed amazon, *Myrinne*.

Homer dwelt for some time in *Ægypt*, and introduced thence the religion of that country into Greece. His gods are named from the first *Ægyptian* kings. *Diodorus Siculus*. *Herodotus*.

The *Ægyptians* assert, that the gods reigned over *Ægypt* thirty four thousand two hundred and one years. In the scripture, their princes are called gods. *Exodus* xii 12 and xxii 28, The Greeks contemned all other nations, and stiled them barbarians, and mere mortals. Homer flattered their vanity, and bestowed the title of gods upon them, imitating herein the extravagance and servility of the *Ægyptians* and *Oriental*s. The conclusion I would draw from all this, is, that the northern door of the grotto of the nymphs, looking towards the sea, and the southern towards

the city of Ithaca, strangers and sailors, the barbarians, and mortals would therefore most conveniently go through the first, and the Ithacensians, namely the gods, through the latter.

Porphry, in the third century, explained this cave allegorically. Vide Dr. Broome's note. *Od.* l. XIII. 124. His treatise in Greek, of twenty-six pages, was first printed, by the order of that great restorer of learning, Pope Leo X. at Rome, together with his Hometical questions, and also with the Scholia upon Sophocles, A. 1518, in one volume in quarto, from manuscripts.

The Scholia of Sophocles, abounding in later editions with trifling grammatical interpolations, and in many places erroneous, might be made more valuable if they were reprinted from this Roman copy.

This allegory of Porphyry was translated by Holstenius into Latin, and printed at Cambridge 1655.

But allegories never entered into Homer's head. The *Odyssey* is a romance, filled with tales of giants, fairies, living ships, magicians, witches, and such like fictions, the idea of which he got from the Orientals. For the writings, and even the religion and history of the Persians and Arabs, are adorned with stories of genies, fairies, enchanters, and dragons.

After Homer returned from his travels, he compiled his romances and sung detached pieces of them, in various cities of Greece; without doubt, being quite agreeable to the taste of the Greeks, they procured him a pretty good livelihood. But, what he gained from them he spent. Being a lover of good cheer, he died poor.

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

Ovid.

The Greeks were strangely delighted with wild, monstrous, and unnatural fictions.

Demades the famous Athenian orator, two thousand years ago, convened the Athenians, in order that they might hear an oration from him. After a great crowd of them were assembled, and very attentive, Demades thus began:—"The goddess Ceres, a swallow, and an eel, travelling together, arrived upon the banks of a river.

'The swallow flew over to the other side, the eel swam through under the water.'" Having thus said, the orator held his peace. After waiting a while, the Athenians eagerly called to him, to proceed in his speech, and to tell them in what manner Ceres crossed the river. He replied, "All that I know concerning her, is, that she is exceedingly angry at you, for neglecting the affairs of your city, and giving ear to fables." They were no wiser in the days of St. Paul, who tells us, "That the Athenians spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." According to the accounts of travellers, they are still of the same disposition.

Let us now venture to look a little nearly into Pope's Grotto of the Nymphs.

Salvini, of Florence, justly called his version of Homer, a paraphrase. His greatest admirers must also be forced to confess it to be a very licentious one. The numerous omissions, variations, and misinterpretations which appear in it, are altogether indefensible, whatever allowances we may give to a long and difficult poetical performance. The Horace of Mr Francis is a convincing proof, that the sense of an ancient poet may be closely preserved, in an English metrical version, notwithstanding that it may be greatly embarrassed by the fetters of rhyme. But if a faithful verse-translation of Homer is not to be expected, why may not a literal one in prose be acceptable to us? We read the adventures of Telemachus with pleasure.

Mr. Pope received from the subscribers to his Iliad, 6000*l.* the copy of which he sold for 1200*l.* and that of the Odyssey for 600*l.* This translation of Homer employed him twelve years. Animated, and encouraged as he was, by his exceedingly generous patrons, surely, in that length of time which he took, he ought to have attended to the original Greek, and not to have translated an erroneous Latin version, which in general he seems to have done. The following few lines will suffice to shew his want of care. Let the reader compare them with the literal translation given above.

High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
 Delights the Nereides of the neighbouring seas;
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone;
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave, the clust'ring bees attend
 Their waxen works or from the roof depend.
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;
 Sacred the south by which the Gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end.

Verse 1. *Branching olive*. This is translated from the false Latin version, *passis ramis*, i. e. with spreading branches. Homer's word is *tanupbullos*, long leaved, which is significant, and expressive of a distinguishing property of the olive, bearing long and narrow leaves like the willow.

Verse 2 is Pope's own addition.

Verse 4 is a false translation. The *Nereids* are sea-fairies, who, wearing no cloaths, would never fatigue themselves at a loom, in a dark cave, in order to weave webs, which could be of no use to them.

But Homer calls the ladies of this cave, *Naiades*, the fountain-fairies, who presided over the perennial springs that were therein.

Verse 5. *Living-stone*. This epithet inserted by Pope, is highly figurative, and quite unintelligible to the mere English reader, and therefore it ought not to have had a place here. It does not seem to be very clear to men of letters. Pope borrowed it from Virgil:

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
 Nympharum domus.

Servius in loc. explains *vivo* by *naturali* natural. Virgil, I suppose, means here, natural seats, unformed by art, unsevered from the rock.

Verse 6, 12. *The weaver-beams*, by Homer called *long*, but by Pope *massy*, and the *cavern-doors*, verse 12, are formed all of *shining marble* by Pope, but by Homer only of *plain stone*.

Verse 8. *Their webs*. This is a false version, taken from the Latin interpreter. In Homer it is Pharea, which signifies *vestes*; garments, not *lintea*, linen webs, as it is in the Latin.

Verse 8. *Mix'd with gold*. The webs in Homer are made simply of purple threads; Pope has mixed with them threads of gold.

Homer, if I may personify his works, thus stripped of his old plain attire, and cloathed in a fashionable, modern, richly-ornamented dress, jingling in continual rhymes, is like a daughter of Zion, who, bedecked with ear-rings, and nose-jewels, wimples, and crisping pins, minces as she goes, and makes a tinkling with her feet. Is. iii.

Homer's Grotto of the Nymphs is not to be found in the island of Ithaca. Strabo tells us that it was entirely a fiction of the poet.

In the anatomy room at Leyden, there is the hand of a sea-nymph, and also an Indian ape with wings.

296. Sir Thomas Meetham, Sir William Sidney, Sir John Everingham.

301. Sir Brian Tunstal, of Thurland Castle, in Lancashire.

I have heard, from a worthy gentleman of this family, that this Sir Brian was the father of Cuthbert, who was twenty-eight years Bishop of Durham, and who was esteemed to be one of the wisest, best, and most learned men of his time. He was employed in several embassies abroad, and preferred by Henry VIII. of whom it was remarked, that he was so great a lover of learned men, that, during his long reign, he made not one dunce a bishop. He also left to this Tunstal 300l. in his will.

In Queen Mary's reign, Tunstal would not suffer any man in his diocese, to be persecuted for the sake of his religion. He used

to say, that he would not imbrue his hands in Protestant blood. He was very chearful and lively in conversation, and lived to the age of eighty-five. He was the last Bishop of Durham that treated with the Scots upon the borders. Thomas Earl of Northumberland, William Lord Dacres, of Gilsland, this Bishop, and James Croft, captain of the town and castle of Berwick; the Earls of Morton and Hume, and Sinclair Dean of Glasgow, met at Upsetlington, near Norham, and agreed to articles, concerning the granting of a safe conduct to murderers, thieves, border-robbers, and deserters, A. 1559, in which year Tunstal died.

As this prelate was attending Henry VIII. in his progress, towards the city of York, upon the hill beyond Barnesly, about four miles from Doncaster, he took an occasion to speak to him of the pleasures of Yorkshire; requiring his Grace, to look upon the country before him, affirming, "that he should see the greatest and fairest valley that was in all Europe, from end to end; and that he never saw the like as that was, for all pleasures and commodities, which he could well testify. And therefore he desired his Highness to behold, upon his right hand, the great hills, the Yorkswolds and Blakemore hills; and likewise to behold those great mountains and fells, which were upon the left hand; the breadth of which valley is some thirty or sixty miles wide, in the most places, and in length some eighty and an hundred miles; wherein for cities and towns, castles and manor-houses, famous rivers and brooks, parks and woods, corn, grass and cattle, fairs and markets, fish and fowl, mines and quarries of coal and stone, and likewise mines of lead, iron, and other metals, he never saw the like in all his travels. And for the truth thereof, as it may, and doth plainly appear, some miles west of Tadcaster, there are within the circuit of seven or eight miles, seventy-seven manor houses, whereof the worst of them were of esquires of an ancient continuance. There be also within the same circuit, twenty-five woods, thirty-two parks, sixteen rivers, eight market towns; and in them, and in other villages, there be as many fairs in the year, as in any other place in England. There be also

twenty-four coal mines, and diverse furnaces both for melting and drawing forth iron into bars. There be also much other metals, if they were sought for; and for corn, grass, and cattle, fish and fowl, this place is not inferior to the best in all England. And there is one thing here, more worthy to be spoken of, than all the rest; which is, the great abundance of freestone and lime that is to be found within that circuit; as much lime and free-stone, as would build as many churches, cities, castles, towns, and houses as are in all England, if need were. And for the pleasures of hunting and hawking, fishing and fowling, it is as delicate a place as any there is in all England."

The descendants of Sir Brian are Roman Catholics, of great property, seated at Wycliff, near the river Tees. Their coat of arms is, Sable, 3 combs Argent. Godwyn de Præsulibus Angliæ says, that the first person of note of this name was a barber to William the Conqueror; and that, upon his being raised to a better fortune, he, in memory of his former condition, took for his arms, S. 3 combs A.

Many bear in their arms a device alluding to their profession. Thus, in the island of Fionia, belonging to Denmark, the ancient family of Trool, which signifies a sorcerer, bears a devil. Sable, upon a field gules.

310. *Thalian field*. I do not know what is meant by Thalian field.

I take the author to have been a Yorkshire schoolmaster. Vide Sir Edward Stanley's speech, stanza 238, et seq. having his head, perhaps, full of rhetorical figures, he uses the word Thalian for Thessalian, per Syncopen, alluding to the plains of Thessaly, where a battle was fought in the Roman civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey.

Martin Swart, a German colonel, and others under the command of John Earl of Lincoln, were defeated by Henry VII. at a place called Stoke, about three miles from Newark.

312. Sir Richard Bold, Sir Thomas Butler, Ralph Bruerton, John Bigod, Robert Warcop.

313. John Lawrence.

314. Brian Stapleton, Thomas Fitzwilliams.

320. Wend. *To go*. Obsolete. The past time *went* is only now in use.

328. Christopher Clapham.

329. Sir Richard Tempest.

337. Blin; *cease*.

349. There is a tradition here, that King James, returning from a visit to Mrs. Heron, at Ford Castle, found himself in danger of drowning, in his passage through the Tweed, near Norham, at the West Ford, which is pretty deep on the Scotch side. Upon which he made a vow to the Virgin Mary, that if she would carry him safe to land, he would erect and dedicate a church to her upon the bank of the Tweed; which he performed in the Jubilee year, A. 1500, according to an old inscription upon the church, mostly now defaced.

This gothic structure is much admired. It is entirely of stone; the roof of it rests, upon what the masons call here, point-cast arches, which are supported by nineteen buttresses. William Robertson, Esq. proprietor of a large estate in the parish of Ladykirk, added to this church a handsome steeple, A. 1743, and A. 1769, paved the greatest part of it with stone, all at his own expense. From his worthy son, I have received, amongst many other favours, the substance of some of these notes.

350. See note 39.

353. Piles. Vide Supra.

357. Bless. *Wound*. From the French, *Blessir*.

372. Bad cast. A North idiom.

402. No far; a North-country phrase.

405. Ilay kept. Should be *clept*; i. e. called; from the obsolete verb, *clepe*.

410. Gills. *Narrow vallies*. N.

412. Hent. *Catch*.

426. Wight. *Nimble, active, stout*. N.

429. This story of Bastard Heron is not to be found in the English History. See note 39.

431. Deemed. *Judged*. From the Saxon *deman*. This word is used in this sense in old Scotch writings.

433. Gate. *Way*. N.

436. King Henry VII.

444. Doom. *Judicial sentence*.

447. Gando. The text may be here erroneous, and the poet perhaps wrote *Gano*, which is a Spanish word, used at the game of *Ombre*. When one of the two defenders of the pool, wants the other to let his card pass, and win the trick, he cries, *Gano*, I win.

Or our author may allude to a ball, with which the Lapland wizards divert themselves, called by them Gand, which for the sake of his metre, he hath lengthened to Gando. Of this, Regnard, a celebrated comic poet, in his voyage to Lapland, gives us the following history, which, he says, that he had heard from so many credible people, that he could not possibly disbelieve it.

"A magician, who wants to inflict evil, disease, or death upon any one, uses, for this purpose, a ball, of the size of a pigeon-egg, which is called in Lapland, Gand; this he sends through all quarters, to a certain distance, as far as his power extends; and if this fiery ball meets either man or animal in its way, it goes no farther; it has the same effect upon it, that it would have had upon the person, it was intended to annoy.

"A Frenchman, our interpreter in Lapland, who had lived 30 years at Suvapara, assured us, that he had often seen it pass around him. He told us, that it was impossible to know its figure, and that it flew, with extreme velocity, and left behind it a small blue train of light, very distinguishable. He added, that one day, as he was travelling upon a mountain, his dog, following him close, was struck with a Gand, and died instantly. Upon his seeking for the wound, he saw a hole under his throat, but could not find in his body the instrument of death. The enchanters keep these Gands in leathern bags; and some of the wickedest of them, almost every day, in wanton sport, let fly one of them into the air, to do mischief, when they mean no harm to any particular person. When one of these magicians, in his wrath, encounters

another, his Gand has no power, if his adversary is more expert in his art, and is a greater devil than himself." For, when a weaker sorcerer plays with a stronger, his enchantment always fail. Hence comes the following proverb amongst the French, when a cunning man is outwitted by one more cunning than himself; viz. The devil of this last man is stronger than the devil of the first.

Tacitus says, that the Finlanders, from whom the Laplanders are descended, have been always addicted to magick.

457. Black fasting. A North-country phrase.

459. Sandyford. A rivulet near Crookham, in the parish of Ford.

464. Harry. *Plunder*. North.

468. Bent. *Field*. A long kind of grass, which grows in Northumberland, near the sea, and is used for thatch, is called *bent*.

471. Surrey-side. Should be the Sunny-side,—viz. on the north side.

473. A gainful Greek. *A fraudulent man*. The Greeks were infamous for their perfidy. Cicero says of them, Testimoniorum religionem, et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit. And Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.

481. Battle four; *i. e. four wings*.

484. Hent. *To lay hold on*.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path-way,

And merrily *bent* the stile-a.

A merry heart goes all the day;

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare's Winter 'Tale.

492. Groom. *A young man*. Valet, which in French means a groom, was formerly an honourable title, given to young gentlemen, until they arrived at the age of 18 years.

493. Skail. *Disperse*. North.

500. Mace. Perhaps should be *pacc*; *i. e.* Tunstal accompanied Sir Edward Howard.

501. Again. *Against*. N.

510. Teen. *Sorrow*. N.

516. It is said, that there is a monument of Bryan Tunstal, in the north-west of Yorkshire, upon which is his effigy, lying in armour.

517. Stead. *Place*.

524. John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford; William Graham, Earl of Montrose.

528. Mitred prelates. George Hepburn, Bishop of the Isles, and another Bishop whose name is unknown.

529. William Sinclair, Earl of Caithness; David Kennedy, Earl of Cassils; John Douglas, Earl of Morton; William Hay, Earl of Errol; John Stuart, Earl of Athol; Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell; Cuthbert Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn; Thomas Fraser, master of Lovat; Sir Patrick Houston, of Houston; Thomas Stuart, Lord Innermeath; John, Lord Ross.

Sir James Ross, the chief of a Highland clan, was at this battle, as we are told in a fine song called the Buchanshire tragedy, written by a very ingenious young lady, Miss Christian Edwards, daughter of a gentleman in Stirlingshire, author also of several other poetical pieces. Vide Appendix, No IV.

John, Lord Maxwell; William, Lord Borthwick; John, Lord Forbes; Robert, Lord Erskine; Henry, Lord Sinclair; John, Lord Sempil; Mr Cawell, Clerk of the Chancery; Sir Cuthbert Hume, Lord of Fastcastle.

536. Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.

538. Herbert, should be *Hepburn*.

541. Verse 4. It should seem by this verse, and by the language of this poem, that it was not written long after the battle of Floddon.

542. Wan; *gained*. Wist; *knew*. N.

554. Malcolm Stuart, Earl of Lennox.

564. The Scots cast themselves into a ring, who were all slain with the king, except Sir William Scot, his chancellor, and Sir

John Forman, his serjeant-porter, who were taken prisoners and with great difficulty saved. The battle lasted three hours.

566. Fair perhaps should be *Ker*.

572. The next day after the battle, the body of King James was found. He had received many wounds, most of them mortal. He was wounded in diverse places with arrows, his neck was opened to the middle, and his left hand in two places almost cut off, so that it scarcely hung to his arm. A great number of noblemen lay dead round the king, whose body, though much defaced, was known at the first sight, by some private marks, by Lord Dacres, Sir William Scot, Sir John Forman, and other Scotch prisoners.

574. The Scots had twenty-two large brass cannon, and particularly seven of a very wide bore, all of the same size and make, called the *Seven Sisters*, which the Earl of Surrey sent down to Berwick.

575. The king's body was brought to Berwick, and there embowelled, embalmed, and cered, and inclosed in lead, and secretly amongst other things conveyed to Newcastle, thence it was carried to London, and by the General presented to Queen Catharine, at Richmond, who, with the gauntlet of King James, sent the news of the victory unto King Henry, lying at the siege, before the town of Terwin. From Richmond the body of the king was brought unto the adjoining monastery of Sheene. Stow saith, that at the dissolution of this house, in the time of King Edward VI. it was thrown into a waste-room, amongst old timber, lead, and stone.

On Tuesday, September 9th, 1513, 5 Henry VIII. in Crookham West-field, belonging to John Askew, of Palinsburn, Esq. this battle was ended; in memory whereof, a stone, which now stands there, was erected. Vide stanza 558.

King James was killed in the 25th year of his reign, and the 39th of his age: He was of a majestic countenance, of a middle size, and a strong body. By the use of exercise, a slender diet, and much watching, he could easily bear the extremities of

weather, fatigue, and scarcity. He excelled in fencing, shooting, and riding. He delighted in fine horses, the breed of which he endeavoured to propagate, in his own country, as it appears from several letters still extant, which he wrote to the Kings of Spain and Poland, entreating them, that they would suffer his servants to buy such horses and mares, as their respective dominions afforded. In return, he made them presents of hunting dogs, and of the famous little ambling horses, called galloways, bred in the mountains and isles of Scotland. About the year 1508, the Lord of Campvere sent him many large Flanders horses; and also Henry VII. several fine horses and rich furniture. He was of a quick wit, which by the negligence of those times was uncultivated with letters. He had great skill in the art of curing wounds, which was then common to the Scotch nobles, always in arms. He was of a high spirit, of easy access, courteous and mild. Just in his judicial decisions, merciful in his punishments, which he inflicted upon offenders always unwillingly. He was poor, from his profusion in sumptuous buildings, public shows, entertainments, and gifts.

As long as he lived, he wore an iron chain-girdle, to which he, every year, added one link, in testimony of his sorrow, for his having appeared at the head of the rebels, who killed his father, James III. A. 1488, contrary to his express orders. Bishop Lesly concludes the life written by him of James, with telling us, that the Scotch nation lost in him a king most warlike, just, and holy. Certain it is, that he was so dear to his subjects, that his death was more lamented, than that of any of his predecessors ever was. The following epitaph was made upon him :

*Fama orbem replet, mortem sors occulit; at tu
Desine scrutari quod tegit ossa solum.
Si mihi dent animo non impar, fata, sepulcrum,
Angusta est tumulo terra Britanna meo.*

He married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. by whom he left two sons, the eldest not two years old. About a

year after King James's death, she married Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, by whom she had a beautiful daughter, Margaret, born A. 1516, at Harbottle Castle, in Northumberland, afterwards the wife of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and by him mother to Henry, Lord Darnley, father to James I.

Margaret and the Earl of Angus could not agree, upon which the marriage was dissolved by a bull from the Pope, a precontract having been proved against him. A. 1528, she married Francis Stuart, and had by him a son, created Lord Methven by James V.

To divert her from her intended marriage with Stuart, Henry VIII. wrote several letters to her, in one of which, he told her, that he thought it was pardonable for men to do some things, which it was quite shameful for women to do. Queen Margaret died A. 1539, aged 51, and was buried at the Charter House, at Perth, near the tomb of James I.

The natural children of James were, by Mary Boyd, daughter of Archbishop Boyd, of Bonshaw, Alexander, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and Catharine, wife of James, Earl of Morton. By Jean Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Cassils, James, Earl of Murray. By Margaret, daughter of John, Lord Drummond, Margaret, wife of John, master of Huntly. By Isabel, daughter of James Stuart, Earl of Buchan, Jean, wife of Malcolm, Lord Fleming, Great Chamberlain of Scotland. I shall end this account of King James, with his character, written by Erasmus.

Jacobus Rex Scotorum absolutam felicitatem absolutæ laudi adjunxerat, si perpetuo suis se finibus continuisset. Erat ea corporis specie, ut vel procul Regem posses agnoscere. Ingenii vis mira, incredibilis rerum omnium cognitio, invicta animi magnitudo vere regia, pectoris sublimitas, summa comitas, effusissima liberalitas. Denique nulla virtus erat, quæ magnum deceret principem, in qua ille non sic excelleret, ut inimicorum quoque suffragio, laudaretur. Contigerat uxor Margareta, Serenissimi Anglorum Regis Henrici Octavi soror, ea forma, ea prudentia, ea in maritum charitate, ut non aliam e superis optare potuisset. Regnum Scotiæ quod multis, et opibus, et celebritate incolarum

et splendore fertur cedere, sic suis virtutibus illustrarat, sic auxerat, sic ornat, ut veram egregii principis laudem meruerit, si intra hoc gloriæ suæ stadium constitisset. Sed O nunquam felicem regno, raro principi, regis discessum! Dum nimium amico in Gallorum regem animo, quo Britannia Regem magnis rerum minis Gallias impetentem averteret, et ad insulæ suæ defensionem revocaret, egressus regni sui fines, Anglos bello lacessit. Quid multis? Fortiter quidem, sed infeliciter, periit; non tam sibi, quam regno. Periit adhuc, ævo vicens. Diu Scotia tanto principe, diu Margareta tali marito, diu filius, nam filium ex ea sustulerat, tali patre frui potuisset, atque ipse vicissim, et his omnibus, et sua gloria, nisi sibi vitam invidisset.

Regibus proprius ac pulcherrimus laudum campus intra regni fines est. In apum gente, cæteræ quidem huc, et illuc volatu divagantur, solus Rex, ut aculeo caret, ita, pro portione corporis, alas habet multo minores, ut ad volatum parum sit idoneus. Veteres ita venerem fingebant, ut pedibus testudinem premeret, id innuentes, matrem familias ab ædibus nusquam oportere discedere; quippe cujus omne officium intra domesticos parietes contineatur. Atqui multo magis ad rem pertinebat, principem hoc admoneri symbolo, qui, si quid peccat, non unius familiæ, sed orbis totius malo peccat.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE VALUATION OF THE BISHOPRICK OF DURHAM, A. 1534.

	£.	s.	d.
THE scite of the castle of Durham, with the coinage of money	8	6	8
Rents, farms, and office of coroner, in Chester-ward	486	6	5
Rents in Darlington-ward, and office of coroner . .	212	15	1
Rents, &c. in Easington	396	2	4
Ditto, in Stockton	214	4	5
Ditto, in Sadbergh	290	12	8
Ditto, &c. in Auckland, Gateshead, Whickham, &c. about	630	0	0
Spirituals	87	13	4
In Norhamshire, the scite of the castle, &c. of Nor- ham	120	0	0
In Allerton, and Allertonshire, the scite of the man- sion, &c.	241	11	3
Spirituals in Allerton and Allertonshire	18	0	0
In the liberty of Crayke, the scite of the castle, &c.	48	2	0
In Hoveden and Hovedenshire	284	10	3
The mansion of the Bishop in London	18	1	4
Sum total	3056	5	9

	£.	s.	d.
Brought over . . .	3056	5	9
Deduct reprises . . .	307	6	3
Clear value	<u>£2748</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>6</u>

The Bishop of Durham retained the privilege of coining money in his mint, from the year 1196 in the reign of Richard I. to the year 1540.

APPENDIX, No. II.

THE manours of Norham and Norhamshire, Allerton and Allertonshire, Sadbergh, Middleham, Easington-ward, Easington-coronater, Cotton Menville, and Gateshead, taken away from the see of Durham, A. 1560, by Queen Elizabeth, and excepted out of the restitution of the temporalities, on James Pilkington's being made Bishop. Teste, March 25, 1561.

A. 1556, restitution to James Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, of the temporalities of Durham, with all these manours, except Norham and Norhamshire. Teste, June 13, 1566.

A. 1581, Queen Elizabeth recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, granted to her the manour of Middleridge, in the county of Durham, for 80 years; now the Queen grants the said manour, and her interest to Richard Franklin. Teste, March 23, A. regni 24.

A. 1582, the Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham A. regni 23d, June 20, granted her for 79 years, the lordship and borough of Gateshead; now the Queen grants her interest to Hen. Andrew and Will. Selby, Aldermen of Newcastle, November 12, A. regni 25.

A. 1587, the Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, A. regni 28, September 29, demised to her the manour and advowson of Crayke, for 80 years. The Queen grants the same to Sir Francis Walsingham. Teste, March 22, A. regni 30.

The Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, July 13, A. regni 27, granted her his manor-house, &c. at Hoveden, in the County of York, for 99 years. The Queen grants the premisses to John Gates, of Holden, Esq. Teste, May 20.

The Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, April, A. regni 20, demised to her his mills in Darlington and

Blackwell for 40 years. She grants them to William App. Teste, June 19.

The Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, May 31, A. regni 19, granted her his fisheries in the water of Tweed, and his franchises of Norham and Norhamshire, in the county of Northumberland. She grants the same to Thomas Leighton, Esq. Teste, August 21.

Tobias Matthews, Bishop of Durham, demised to King James I. the castle of Norham, and the fisheries on the Tweed, and the manor of Norham and Islandshire, which the Dean and Chapter confirmed, April 2, 1604. But he had some recompence made to him, by the confirmation of Durham-house in London to his see, and an abatement of the thousand pounds a-year which had been paid out of the Bishoprick, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the garrison at Berwick.

This Dr. Matthews was an indefatigable preacher. In the eleven years that he was Dean of Durham, he preached 721 sermons. He was Bishop twelve years, and in that time he preached 550 sermons.

APPENDIX, No. III.

DOCTOR BENTLEY'S LETTER.

REV. SIR,

I RECEIVED your very obliging letter. It would make my long tedious work much more easy and light to me, if all the persons, whose courtesy I am forced to make address to, were as frank and forward as yourself. You will be sensible, that the effect of this labour of mine depends upon authority, not reason and criticism. I could sit still in my study, and with little trouble make Greek and Latin agree, and tally together, with plausible, if not certain, nay, even with certain emendations. How many such, when I collated my first manuscript, have I written in the bottom of the page, as conjectures of the true Latin reading? These, in the progress of more and older manuscripts, I have since found to have been plain, and from the first hand, in the old Saxon exemplars. You know the difference of these two propositions. I guess, I argue, I persuade, that it was once so written, though all the copies go against it; and I show you, that it is yet actually so, in an old manuscript of King Athelstan's, St. Cedda's, St. Cuthbert's of the age of 1200 years. The one pleases, and convinces ingenuous men, and well-willers to the Scriptures, and the other stops the mouths even of Pagans and Freethinkers. This consideration makes me resolve to spare no labour, nor any charge, to have all the books that our own country, and even foreign countries, can afford to me. I have advanced fifty pounds to an able foreigner, to go to Paris, and to collate some manuscripts of equal, or greater antiquity than our own. For I have never yet used one old book, if it were but of twenty scattered sheets, that I did not get

something particular by it. It is odd and pleasant, to see how the readings lie scattered through the copies. There shall be three true readings against the present Pope's text, within the compass of three verses, and these shall be fetched out of three several manuscripts; what hits in one failing in the other two. Therefore I am encouraged by success; all that I meet with help somewhat. Give me then number enough, and I am sure all will exactly tally. And for this reason, I must intreat you to send me down those other manuscripts, that contain the Acts and the Epistles, though they do not reach to the age desired; I mean those, which you take to be the best of them, and which are in square, rather than in oblong volumes, *cæteris paribus*. It is but a small addition of carrier's charge, and I am glad to pay it, both hither, and back again. I think, that I told you before, that I am comparatively poor in the Acts and the Epistles, which makes me send for help out of France. I have but two copies that reach 800 years, and these do not always come up to that which I seek for. But what is odd, junior books supply that sometimes, which the ancient ones fail in.

Colossians ii. 4. *Hoc autem dico ut nemo nos decipiat en pithanologia in sublimitate sermonum.* For so the Popes, so the former editions, so both my old manuscripts read. And yet it is plain, that nobody could so translate it. *Sublimitas sermonum* is *upsilogia*, or *meteorologia*, never *pithanologia*. I soon guessed it to be an error of the Scribes, for *subtilitate sermonum*. For thus the old glossaries at Paris, printed by Stephens, from a copy of a thousand years of age, *subtilitate pithanologia*; and in *Gloss. Græcolat. peithanologia, subtilitas verborum*.

But after this, I found in four manuscripts, of the king's library, not one of which is above 600 years old, *subtilitate verborum*, from the very first hand. This I also impute to some useful criticks in the western countries, about 700 years ago, who then collated the present manuscripts of the bible with the oldest copies then extant, and rectified the innovations: These emendations they published, under the title of *Correctorium Bibliæ*, none of which have been

yet printed, but quoted occasionally by Zergerus and Lucas. I shall get transcripts of them from abroad. If you meet with any such in your library, they make but few sheets, I pray that you would communicate them to me. This I say is the reason why a true reading shall be in a manuscript of 600, that is now wanting in those of now a thousand years of age. Because these correctors, 700 years ago, had still older books, and the following transcribers, if learned, adjusted their copies, according to their directions. Of your two old books I shall give, as of all the rest, which are a thousand years old, a specimen of the writing in a copper-plate, that posterity may see, what good authorities I follow. I wish that you would look, what comments of Bede, or of the other tractators, Austin, Ambrose, &c you have, of a competent age; for I shall give you the trouble to examine particular places therein, when I begin to build; for, at present, I am but digging my stones out of the quarries.

I am glad, that your son put it into my power to oblige you; and that I shall more rejoice, if he gives me a farther occasion to show, that I am,

SIR,

Your obliged, humble servant,

RICHARD BENTLEY.

My service and thanks to Mr. Dean*.

* Dr. Montague, Dean of Durham.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

THE BUCHANSHIRE TRAGEDY; OR, SIR JAMES
THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Tune, *Gill Morice*.

OF all the Scottish Northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted firr,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of that brave clan, Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command:

In bloody fight thrice has he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda, dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
With seeming scorn and pride,
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last, she bless'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame;

Her father, Buchan's cruel Lord,
Their passion disapprov'd,
And bid her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met, as they were wont
Deep in a shady wood;
Where on a bank beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the under-wood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To hear what they might say.

When thus the maid began: My sire
Your passion disapproves;
And bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
So here must end our loves:

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand,
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,
Shall bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd,
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste.

What do I hear? Is this thy vow,
Sir James the Ross reply'd:
And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Though sworn to be my bride.

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than reave me of thy charms,
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

I speak to try thy love, she said,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee;
My grave shall be my bridal-bed,
Ere Græme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth,
And every pledge become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus, the sun was set,
Up hasty Donald flies,
Come, turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
He, loud insulting, cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast,
Had pierc'd his tartans through :

This for my brother's slighted love,
His wrongs sit on my arm.
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift his hand he rear'd,
From Donald's head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones,
His sharp-edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay,
So fall my foes, quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear,
Awake, my love, awake,
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
A long farewell to take,

For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on my sword,
And distant are my faithful men,
That should assist their Lord.

To Sky I'll now direct my way,
Where my brave brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side.

O do not so the maid replies,
With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch thee in the park,
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lonely glen
He met the furious Sir John Græme,
With twenty of his men.

Where goest thou, little page, he said,
So late, who did thee send?
I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

For he hath slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their Lord.

And has he slain my brother dear?
The furious Græme replies;
Dishonour blast my name! but he
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me where is Sir James the Ross,
I will thee well reward;
He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park,
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
And scour'd along the lee,
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers,
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Græme did say,
Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night,
Or did he pass this way?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Ross pass'd by,
He, furious, prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hy;

By this he is at Edinburgh town,
If horse and man hold good.
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Brave Ross thou art betray'd;
And ruin'd by those means, she cried,
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
This virgin's cry he heard;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine;
And ere the rising of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man,
Set by your men, and hand to hand,
We'll try what valour can :

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front, in Floddon Field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight,
Then Græme gave back and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword,
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty Lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded him in the side.
Out spouting came the purple gore,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quitted not the gripe,
Nor dropt he to the ground;
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And fainting, dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,
O spare his life she cry'd,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well-known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies;

In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death's arrest deny'd,
My race is run—adieu, my love!
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew,
I come, Sir James the Ross, she cry'd,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's sword,
And sunk to endless rest.

Then by this fatal tragedy,
Let parents warning take;
And ne'er entice their children dear,
Their secret vows to break.

APPENDIX, No. V.

AN OLD SCOTCH SONG ON THE BATTLE OF
FLODDON, FOUGHT A. 1513.

I HAVE heard of a lilting, at our ewes' milking,
Lasses a lilting, before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning,
That our braw forresters are a' wede away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilka ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en at the gloming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Mong stacks, with the lasses, at bogle to play;
But ilka ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The Flowers of the Forest that are a' wede away.

At harrest, at the shearing, nae youngsters are jeering,
The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey.
At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw forresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border:
The English for anes by guile gat the day.
The Flowers of the Forest, that ay shone the foremost,
The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at our ewes' milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie, and wae.
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw forresters are a' wede away.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTCH WORDS.

LINE 1. Lilting; *singing in a brisk lively manner.*

Line 3. Ilka; *every.*

Line 3. Loaning; *a little common near country villages, where cows are milked.*

Line 4. Braw; *brave, finely apparelled.*

Line 4. A' wede; *all cut away.* Shakespeare, Richard III. A weeder out of his proud adversaries.

Line 5. Bought; *the little fold, where the ewes are inclosed at milking time.*

Line 5. Scorning; *jeering the lasses about their sweethearts.* To scorn is often now used in this sense in the North.

Line 6. Dowie; *melancholy.* Wae; *sorrowful.*

Line 7. Daffin; *waggery.* Gabbing; *prating pertly.* Sabbing; *sobbing.*

Line 8. Ilka ane; *every one.* Leglen; *a milking-pail, with one lug or handle.* The hasty, silent, and disconsolate departure of the milk-maids, is natural and affecting.

Line 9. Gloming; *at even, in the twilight, or evening gloom.*

Line 9. Swankies; *young countrymen.* This is an old English word, derived from the Saxon *swang*, a country swain.

Line 10. Bogle; *hobgoblin, spectre.* Bogle bo about the stack, is the diversion of young folks in a stack-yard.

Line 11. Dreary; *sad.*

Line 14. Bansters; *binders up of the sheaves of corn*. Runkled; *wrinkled*. Lyart; *boary*. The binders were now all old men.

Line 15. Fleeching; *flattering*.

Line 17. Dool; *grief*.

Line 18. Vide stanza 473, et seq.

Line 19. Ay; *ever, always*.

Line 20. Cauld; *cold*. There was hardly a genteel family in Scotland, but what lost one or more of their nearest relations in this battle.

Line 22. Bairns; *children*. The tune to this song, called, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' is a pretty, melancholy one.

APPENDIX, No. VI.

THE BATAILE OF BRANXTON, OR FLODDON-
FIELD ;

Faught in the yeare of our Redeemer 1513, and in the 5th yeare
of the reign of that victorious Prince, King Henry the
Eyght.

[*Copied from an edition of "The Mirrour for Magistrates," printed
in 1587.*]

O REX Regum in thy realme celestially,
Glorified with joies of Gabriel's company,
King James is dead, have mercy on us all,
For thou haste him prostrate so suddenly,
(Which was our noble Prince his enemy)
That us to withstand he had no might :
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde King Henry's right.

Into England this Prince prowdly did come,
With fourscore thousand in goodly aray :
And the castle of Norham first he had won,
Prospering victoriously from day to day ;
But against him is gone the Earle of Surrey
With him manfully for to fight,
By the helpe of God, and in his Prince's right.

This noble Earle full wisely hath wrought,
And with thirty thousande forward is gone ;
After wisdom and policy wondrously hee sought,

How by the Scottish ordinaunce he might well come,
Thereto helped well Bastard Heyron,
On the Scots he did harme both day and night,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

Our Herald of Armes to King Jemy did say :
My Lord of Surrey greetes you well by mee,
Marvailing greatly of this your aray,
And what you make here in this countrey,
Peace you have broken and old amity ;
Wherefore if yee abide he will with you fight,
By the helpe of God, and in his Prince's right.

Abide? (he sayde) els were it great dishonoure hye,
That a King crowned an Earle durst not abide :
Yf Surrey bee so bolde to gieve battayle to mee,
I shall him tarry on Floddon-hill side ;
Open warre then soon was there cryde,
And our doughty men were readily dight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

St. Cuthberd's banner with the Byshop's men bolde,
In the vauntgard forward fast did hye,
That Royal Relyke more precious than golde,
And Sir William Bowmer nere stood it by,
Adjura Pater, then fast did they cry,
Pray wee that God will graunt us his might,
That wee may have the powre to save our Prince's right.

The Lord Clifford and the Lord Latimer also,
With the Lord Coniers of the north countrey,
And the Lord Scroope of Upsalle, forward did goe,
With the Lord Howarde Admirall of the see,
Of noble hearte and courage goode was hee,

As any went that time agaynst the Scots to fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir William Percy and Lord Ogle both same,
And Sir William Gascoyne theyr cosyn nere was hee,
The Shryve of Yorkshire Sir John Everingham,
And the nobles of Cheshyre in theyr degree,
The Lord Dacres and Bastard Heyron with hearte free,
Which harme the Scots by day and by night,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir Edmond Haward of lusty franke courage
Boldly advaunced himselfe eke in that stounde,
To the Scots our enemies he did great hurte and damage
Which were right greedy him and his blood to confound,
But theyr mischievous intent on themselves did rebound,
And many a deadly stroke on them there did light,
So the helpe of God preservde our Prince's right.

The Baron of Killerton and both Astones were there,
With Sir John Booth, and many knights moe,
Sir John Gower and Sir Walter Griffin drewe nere,
With Sir Thomas Butler and Maister Warcop also,
Sir Christopher Warde and Sir Wm. Midylton both two,
And Sir William Maliver all did manly fight
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

In the mydle warde was the Earle of Surrey,
That noble man, stoute, bolde, and hardy,
The father of wit wee call him may,
The Deputy of England most truly was he
With him Lord Scroope of Bolton and Sir George Darcy,
And Sir Richard Maliver with Buck's heades bright,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir Philip Tylney was there ready and prest,
In the same warde with all his mighty powre,
And Sir John Willowghby as ready as the best,
With Sir Nicholas Aplyard his helpe, ayde, and succour.
O what joy was it to see that same howre,
How valiauntly our noblemen with the Scots did fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Yong Sir William Gascoyne was there indede,
With Sir Richard Aldburgh and Sir Christofer Danebe,
Sir William Scarkell, and M. Frost's helpe at nede,
With Sir Ralph Ellarkar and M. Thomas Lee,
M. Raphe Beeston and M. Hopton men might see,
Full well, perdy, they quite themselves in that fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir Edward Stanley in the rerewarde was hee,
A noble knight both wise and hardy,
With many a nobleman of the West Countrey,
And the whole powre of the Earle of Darby,
With a right retinue of the Byshop Elye,
And of Lankeshire men, manly did fight
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Soone then the gunnes began a new play,
And the vaunt-garde together are gone ;
But our gunnes dissevered them out of aray,
And our bolde bilmen of them slewe many a one,
So that of them scarce returned none,
Thus were they punished by helpe of God Almighty,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

Then they sought embushments, but with small chere,
And in fowle manner brake theyr aray,

Yet some of our men by policy fled were,
That sawe King Jemay on the hill where he lay,
They flee (hee sayes) folow fast I you pray :
But by that fit of flying, wee wan the fight,
So the helpe of God preservde our Prince's right.

To the Earle of Surrey King Jemy is gone
With as comely a company as ever man did see,
Full boldly their *big men* against us did come,
Down the hill, with great mirth and melody :
And our men marked them to the Trinity,
Besecching him there to shew his might,
In theyr whole defence, and in theyr Prince's right.

The Red Lyon, with his owne father's bloud inclynate
Came towards the White Lyon both meeke and mylde,
And there, by the hand of God he was prostrate,
By the helpe of th' Eagle with her swadled Chylde,
The Buckesheads also the Scots has beguilde,
And with theyr gray goose wings doulfully them dight,
By the helpe of God, and in our Prince's right.

The Moone that day did shine full bright,
And the Luce-head that day was full bent,
The Red Cressent did blinde the Scots sight,
And the ship with her ancre many Scots spent,
But (alas) the good White Griffin was felde on Floddon-hill,
Yet escape he did, not vanquisht in the fight,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

The Treyfell was true, and that did well appeare,
And boldly the Great Griffin up the hill is gone,
The antlet did lace them with arrows so neare,
That buffits the Scots bare, they lacked none,

The Cinquefoile also was stedfast as the stone,
And slewe of the Scots like a worthy wight,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

The yong White Lyon was angry in that stounde,
And with his merry mariners the myrth him made,
His bells rang lay couched in the grounde,
Whereof the Scots were right sore affrayde,
And round about rydeing evermore he sayde,
Go to my fellowes, all shall be all or night,
By the helpe of God we save our Prince's right.

The Cornish Choughe did pick them in the face,
And the crab them blinded that they might not see,
They flew and fell, they had no other grace,
With theyr new conquerour : but where now is hee ?
Caryed in a cart, to his rebuke and his posterity,
And his bullies so bonnye are all put to flight,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

Of Scots lay slayne full twelve thousande,
And eleven Earles, the sooth for to say,
Thirteen Lordes, and three Byshops as I understand,
With two Abbots, which have learnde a new play,
They should have bene at home for peace to pray :
Wherefore they were thus wise punished by right,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince his right.

Theyr ordinaunce is lost, and theyr royalty,
We have theyr riches, God have the prayseing,
What ech man would take, he had his liberty.
Wherefore laude and honour to such a King,
From doulfull daunger us so defending :
He has graunted unto us now his might,
And by his only ayde preservde our Prince's right.

O Rex Regum, Ruler of us all,
 As thou for us sufferedst thy passion,
 Gieve the Scots grace, by King Jemye's fall,
 For to eschue ever like transgression,
 Preserve the Red Rose, and be his protection.
 Laude, honoure, prayse be unto God Almighty,
 Who thus suppreste our foes, preservde our Prince's right.

O yee noble Lordes, and Knights victorius,
 I you beseech to have me excused,
 Your noble acts no better that I discusse,
 And that my simple saying be not refused,
 Wherein any thing I have me missused,
 I mee submit to your charitable correction:
 And in this manner shall be my conclusion.

Qd. FRAUNCIS DINGLEY.

FINIS.

Red Lion. The King of Scots.
White Lion. The Earl of Surrey.
Young White Lion. The Lord Admiral.
The Moon. Percy.
The Red Crescent. Lord Ogle.
The Luce. Sir William Gascoign.
The Cinquefoil. Sir George Darcy.
Eagle and Child. Sir Edward Stanley.

APPENDIX, No. VII.

SKELTON, LAUREATE, AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

AGAINST the proud Scottes' clattering
 That never wyll leave theyr tratlyng,
 Wan they the felde, and lost their kynge,
 They may wel say, Fye on that winning!

Lo, these fond sottes and tratlyng Scottes,
 How they are blind in their own minde,
 And will not know their overthrow
 At Branxton More, they are so stowre,
 So frantike mad. They say they had
 And wan the felde, with speare and shield;
 That is as trew, as blacke is blew
 And grene is gray. Whatever they say,
 Jemmy is dead and closed in leade,
 That was theyr own kynge. Fye on that winning!

At Floddon-hilles our bowes our bylles
 Slewe all the floure of theyr honoure.
 Are not these Scottes folcs and sottes
 Such boste to make, to prate and crake,
 To face, to brace, all voyd of grace?
 So proud of heart, so overthwart,
 So out of frame, so voyd of shame,
 As it is enrold, wrytten, and told,
 Within this quaire? Who list to repair
 And therein reed, shall finde, in deed,

A mad rekening, considering all thing
That the Scottes may sin. Fye on the winning!

When the Scotte lyved.

Joly Jemmy, ye scorneful Scotte,
Is it come unto your lot
A solempne summer for to be?
It greeth nought for your degree
Our kyng of England for to fight
Your Soveraine Lord, our Prince of might
Ye for to send such a citacion!
It shameth al your noughty nacion
In comparison, but king Koppynge
Unto our Prince, anointed kyng
Ye play Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can,
Ye may be Lord of Locrian
Christ sence you with a frying pan
Of Edingborow, and Saincte Jonis Towne.
Adieu! Syr Sommer, cast off your crowne.

When the Scotte was slayne.

Continually I shall remember
The mery moneth of September
With the eleventh day of the same,
For than began our mirth and game.
So that now I have devised
And in my minde I have comprised,
Of the proude Scotte, Kyng Jemmy,
To write some little tragedy,
For no manner consideration
Of any sorowful lamentation,
But for the special consolacion
Of al our Royal Englysh nacion.
Melpomene, O muse tragedial,

Unto your grace, for grace now I call
 To guyde my pen and my pen to enbibe,
 Illumine me, your poet and your scribe,
 That with mixture of aloes and bitter gall
 I may compounde, confectures for accordial
 To angre the Scottes and Irish kiteringes withal
 That late were discomfect, with battaile marcial.
 Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I
 To touche them with tauntes of your armory,
 A medley to make of mirth with sadnes
 The hartes of England to comfort with gladnes.
 And now to begyn, I will me adres
 To your rehersying, the somme of my proces.

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my jo
 Summoned our kyng. Why did ye so?
 To you, nothing it did accord
 To summon our kynge, your Soveraine Lorde,
 A kynge, a summer, it was great wonder,
 Know ye not suger and salt asonder?
 Your summer too saucye, too malapert
 Your harrold in armes, not yet half expert,
 Ye thought ye did yet valiantlye,
 Not worth three skippes of a pye,
 Syr Skyr Galyard, ye were so skit
 Your wil than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your aly
 Your franticke fable not worth a fly,
 Frenche Kynge, or one or other
 Regarded you shold your Lord your brother,
 Trowed ye Sir Jemy his nobel Grace
 From you Sir Scotte, wold tourne his face
 With gup Sir Scotte of Galawey
 Now is your bride fall to decay.

Male brid was your fals entent
For to offende your President,
Your Soveraigne Lord most reverente,
Your Lord, your brother, and your regent.
In him is figured Melchisedecke,
And ye were disloyal Amalecke.
He is our noble Scipione,
Annoynted kynge, and ye were none.
Thoughe ye untrulye your father have slayne
His tytyle is true, in Fraunce to raygne.
And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dunbar
Pardy ye were his homager
And suter to his parliament
For your untruthe, nowe are ye shent
Ye bare yourself somewhat to bold,
Therefore ye lost your copyhold
Ye were bonde tenant to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate.

Unto the castell of Norram
I understande too sone ye came,
At Branxton-more and Floddon-hilles,
Our English bowes our English bylles
Against you gave so sharpe a shower,
That of Scotland ye lost the flower.
The White Lyon, there rampante of moode
He raged and rente out your harte bloude,
He the White, and you the Red ;
The White there slew the Red starke ded.
Thus for your Guerdon quyt are ye,
Thanked be God in Trinite
And swete Saincte George, our Ladyes knyght,
Your eye is oute, adewe, good nyghte.
Ye were starke mad to make a fray,
His Grace beyng out of the way,

But by the power and might of God
For your tayle ye made a rod.
Ye wanted wit, Sir, at a worde,
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sworde,
Ye might have busked you to Huntley bankes,
Your pryde was pevysh to play such pranks;
Your poverté could not attayne
With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Naverne ye might take heed,
Ungraciously howe he doth speede,
An double dealyng, so he did dreame
That he is kyng without a keame;
And for example, he would none take,
Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
Your wealthe, your joye, your sport, your play,
Your braggyng bost, your royal aray,
Your beard so brym, as bore at baye,
Your seven sisters, that gun so gaye
All have ye lost, and caste awaye.
Thus Fortune hath turned you, I dare well saye
Now from a kyng to a clot of clay,
Oute of robes ye were shaked,
And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked;
For lacke of grace, harde was your hap,
The Popes cures gave you that clap.

Of the out yles, the rough-foted Scottes
We have well eased them of the bottes,
The rude ranke Scottes, lyke droncken dranes
At Englysh bowes have fetched their banes;
It is not sitting in tower or towne
A summer to were a kyng's crowne.
Fortune on you therefore did frowne,
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe.

Syr Summer, now, where is your crowne?
Cast of your crowne, cast up your crowne,
Syr Summer, now, ye have lost your crowne.

Quod SKELTON, Laureate,
Oratour to the Kynges most royal estate.

APPENDIX, No. VIII.

The following Extract is taken from a Book, intituled, 'The Flower of Fame', written by Ulpian Fulwell, and dedicated to Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burghleygh, &c. It is printed in quarto, in the old black letter, at London, A. 1575.

He is quoted by Speed, Edward VI. Section 61. Hence Wood, who had never seen this book, concludes that Fulwell had printed some other tracts, besides those which he mentions in his Athen. Oxon. v. i. No. 266.

Between the fourth and fifth stanzas, there is, in the original, a wooden cut, representing Death, running to seize a crown upon the head of a king, A. D. 1513.

WHILE the king was in Fraunce, King James, of Scotlande, (notwithstanding his league and solempne vowe before mencion-ed) made an invasion uppon the borderers adjoyning unto Scotlande. And sent an Ambassadour unto the King into Fraunce, accusing the borderers for breache of the truce betweene them taken. When the King understoode by the Ambassadoure of the King of Scottes' pretence: He rewarded the Ambassadoure, and so dismissed him.

Nowe the king of Scottes supposed that all the power of Englande was in Fraunce with King Henry: knowing also that King Henry could not, nor woulde not breake up his campe to come against him. And thought that nowe he had a plaine gappe opened unto him, to enter into Englande, and there to woorke his will. But by the providence of the queene, who was left regent of the realme by the king at his setting foorth, and by the valyanties of the Earle of Surrey, the King's Lieftenaunt, he was

prevented of his purpose. For when he thought to have entered this realme with all his power, he was mett by the Earle of Surrey at a place called Brampston, where betweene them was fought a cruell battayle, not without great effusion of blood on both parties: but in the ende (by God's providence) the victorie fell unto the English men. The King of Scottes himselfe being slain in this felde with eleven of his noble men, being all of them Earles, besydes a number of his knyghtes and gentilmen of name, and his whole power made very weak. This battayle being ended to the renoune of the Queene, the Earle, the King's Lieftenaunt, and the whole realme: The dead bodye of the King of Scottes was founde among the other carcasses in the felde, and from thence brought to London, and so through London streetes on a horsebacke,—and from thence it was carried to Sheene (neere unto Brainford) whereas the Queene then laye. And theare this periured carcas lyeth unto this daye unburied. A condigne ende, and a meete sepulker for such a forsworn prince. This shameful ende of the Scottish king, kindled the fyer of malyce in the breastes of the Scottes, the flame whereof (in the ende) consumed also their yong king that then was lefte unto them, as followinge you may reade. But first I have taken upon mee to introduce King James unto thee, in forme of the Mirror of Magistrates, to vtter his complaynt and tell his owne tale as followeth.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF KING JAMES
OF SCOTLAND,

Who was slayne at Scottish Fielde. Anno 1513.

Among the rest, whom rewful fate hath reft,
Whose shrouding sheetes hath wrapt their wofull lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tong with dayly talk reuyues?
Such is the wheele that froward Fortune dryues,
To-day a king of puissance and might,
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie end is tried,
A wretched race by wofull ende is known :
Though pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyd,
At last by rage of stormes 'tis overthrowne.
The greatest oke by tempest is fyrst blowne.
Though fortune seeme a loft to hoyse thy sayle,
Yet fortune ofte tymes smyles to small auaille.

I thought my bower buylt on happie soyle,
Which under propped was with tickle staye :
Wherefore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the foyle
In hope for to haue had a noble praye.
In search whereof I reapt my fatall daye,
With shamefull death my fame was forcte to bow
A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

A prince his promise ought not to be broke,
Much more his othe of ryght obserued should be :
But greedy gayne doth ofte the mynde provoke,
To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee.

Ambition bearde myne eyes I coulde not see.
I find, though man with man his faith forgoe,
Yet man with God may not do so.

I was a king, my power was not small,
I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land :
I raignde and rewld, the greater was my fall,
The myght of God, no kingdome can withstand,
An Earle wan of mee the upper hande.
With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyfe to ende,
By shamefull death without tyme to amende.

Such was the force of Atrops cruell spight,
Unlooked for to cut my fatal lyne.
My wretched carcas then was brought in sight
Through London streats, whereat the Scots repine
The endless shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware, on horsebacke was I brought,
The King of kings for me this end hath wrought.

Let Princes all by me example take,
What daunger 'tis to dally in such cace :
By periurie their faythes for to forsake,
Least seate of shame shall be their endles place,
Foule infamie shall their renoune deface :
Of falsed faith such is deserved hyre,
And he must falle that will too hyghe aspyre.

Ye noble peeres whose lyues with myne did end,
Send forth from graues your griesly ghosts ech one
To wayle the chaunce that Fortune vs did sende.
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and mone
That we to hedles haste were apt and prone.
Which rash beginning voyde of godly awe,
Had lyke successe for breach of sacred lawe.

I thought that Englande had beene far too weake,
For my strong power when Henry was away:
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake,
But yet I founde they were left in good stay,
With force and strength to purchase my decay.
Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due,
Which may a mirror bee for men to vewe.

Whereby to shun the breache of sacred vow,
And not to seeke by lawless means to rayne:
For right will force usurped rule to bow,
And reap repulst in steade of noble gaine;
Thus truthe in tyme doth turne her foe to paine.
And God himselfe doth shield the rightful cause,
Then let men learne to lyue within his lawes.

The three above Copies, from the Mirrour of Magistrates, Skelton, and Fulwell, I received from three ingenious gentlemen of Newcastle.

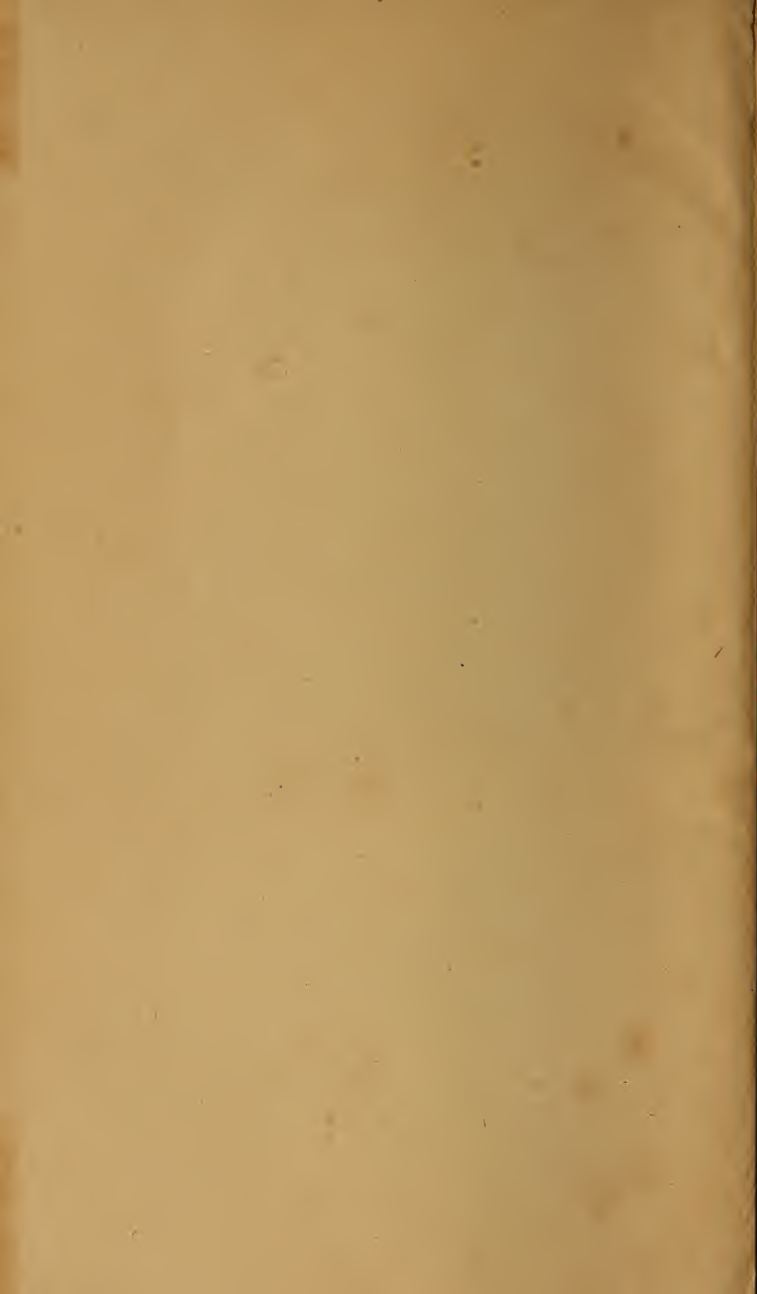
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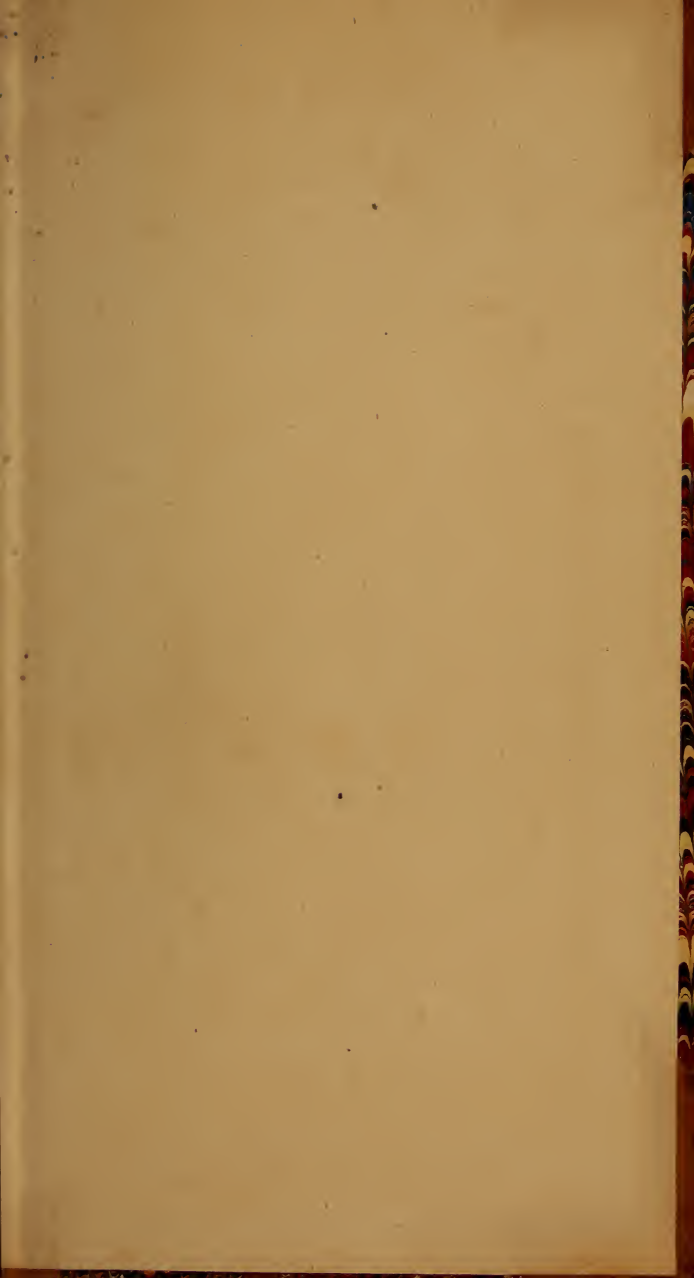


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